HACK/SLASH™

She survived Halloween, Friday the 13th and summer camp.

Now, the slasher victim SLASHES BACK.

HORROR

AN IMAGE COMICS PRODUCTION CREATED BY TIM SEELEY & STEFANO CASELLI
WRITTEN BY TIM SEELEY WITH ART BY STEFANO CASELLI
FEDERICA MANFREDI AADI SALMAN DAVE CROSLAND NATE BELLEGARDE
SKOTTIE YOUNG SEAN DOVE MIKE NORTON KATIE DeSOUSA JOSH MEDORS
MATT MERHOFF and many others.

HACK/SLASH™

DELUXE EDITION

VOLUME 1

A

TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI
PRODUCTION

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TIM SEELEY

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SLICE OF LIFE

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HACK/SLASH

EUTHANIZED

CAMP BAKER...

... CHEERLEADING CAMP FOR GIRLS. TWENTY MILES OUTSIDE OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

KIND'VE A BRAVE GIRL, AIN'T YA, CASSIE?

CAMPING

WHY DO YOU SAY THAT, DAN?

WELL, I MEAN... Y'KNOW, WITH THOSE OTHER CHEERLEADERS DISAPPEARING AND ALL.

I MEAN, MAYBE THERE'S SOME **PSYCHO** KILLER, HIDIN' OUT HERE IN THE WOODS, JUST WAITING... HEH... IT'S KIND'VE DANGEROUS.

OH, THAT'S OKAY... I'M NOT IN DANGER. I MEAN, I'VE GOT YOU... A BIG STRONG COACH WHO LIKES TO SNEAK OFF IN THE WOODS WITH YOUNG GIRLS.

WHAT IS THERE TO WORRY ABOUT?

AH, I THINK THIS IS FAR ENOUGH. OKAY, CASSIE-BABE...

I WANT YOU TO TURN AROUND... I GOT A LI'L SURPRISE FOR YA.

A LI'L SURPRISE? BUT, I WAS HOPING FOR A BIG SURPRISE.

OH, IT'LL BE BIG ALL RIGHT.

REEEEEAL BIG.

HyAAAAA!

>HUCK!<

GAAAK

YOU ARE FINE?

FWUMP!

I AM VLAD... NOT NANCY DREW.

YEAH... I'M GOOD.

JESUS... A CATCHER'S MASK? OH, COME ON. WELL, I'D SAY THIS SOLVES THE "CASE OF THE MISSING CHEERLEADERS", WOULDN'T YOU NANCY DREW?

YEAH... FORGET IT. OKAY, WELL.

THIS IS THE PART WHERE THEY SUDDENLY JUMP UP AND ATTACK ONE FINAL TIME.

OR NOT. KILLER, YES. SLASHER, NO.

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE... WEARING THIS CHEERLEADER OUTFIT IS GIVIN' ME THE HEEBIE-JEEBIES.

HUNH HUNH HUNH... HEEBIE-JEEBIES.

"THE STRANGE STORY OF CASSIE HACK"

CASSANDRA HACK GREW UP IN A SMALL TOWN IN WESTERN WISCONSIN. HER FATHER LEFT SOON AFTER SHE WAS BORN, AND CASSIE WAS LEFT WITH HER OVERBEARING, ECCENTRIC MOTHER: A COOK AT THE NEARBY HIGH SCHOOL.

CASSIE GREW INTO A BITTER TEENAGER, CONSIDERED A FREAK BY HER CLASSMATES. HER MOTHER WATCHED UNHAPPILY AS HER DAUGHTER WAS CHASTISED AND TORMENTED.

THAT'S WHEN STUDENTS BEGAN TO DISAPPEAR.

THE DISAPPEARENCES CORRESPONDED TO A SUDDEN STRANGE "MYSTERY MEAT" BEING SERVED IN THE HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA, AND IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG BEFORE THE CLUES POINTED TO...

MRS. HACK... THE SCHOOL LUNCH LADY. HACK HAD BEEN MURDERING STUDENTS SHE FELT HAD TREATED HER DAUGHTER UNFAIRLY, AND SERVING THEM WITH A SIDE OF FRIES AND CHOCOLATE MILK.

WHEN CONFRONTED, HACK PLUNGED HER HEAD INTO A POT OF BOILING GRAVY, LEAVING HER TEENAGE DAUGHTER AN ORPHAN.

CASSANDRA WAS PLACED IN A FOSTER HOME, AND ATTENDED A NEW SCHOOL... BUT NEWS OF HER CONNECTION TO THE NOTORIOUS 'LUNCH LADY' MADE HER EVEN MORE UNPOPULAR THAN BEFORE.

SOON, GIRLS BEGAN TO DISAPPEAR, SIGNALING THE HORRIFIC RETURN...

FEELING RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS, CASSIE HUNTED DOWN AND DESTROYED THE LUNCH LADY... HER MOTHER.

...OF THE LUNCH LADY, REBORN AS A VENGEFUL 'SLASHER' FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.

DRIVEN BY GUILT, AND LACKING ANY CONNECTION TO ANYONE OR ANYPLACE, CASSIE TURNED HER BACK ON A "NORMAL" LIFE, AND BECAME A HUNTER OF KILLERS.

IT WAS ON ONE OF THESE HUNTS THAT SHE MET THE MAN KNOWN AS VLAD, A MISSHAPPEN, GENTLE CREATURE THAT SHE MISTOOK FOR A SLASHER. VLAD BECAME CASSIE'S TRAVELING COMPANION, OFFERING HIS FIERCE, MONSTROUS POWER TO HER CAUSE.

TOGETHER THEY HUNT DOWN AND DESTROY 'SLASHERS'... WHEREVER THEY MAY BE, WHATEVER FORM THEY MAY TAKE.

EMINENCE, INDIANA

♫ WHY'D YA HAVE TA GO AND MAKE THINGS SO COMPLICATED....♪

♫ LA LA LA- COMPLICATED....♪

HEH HEH... =AHEM=

AAAAAHHH!

AWW...JEEZUS JESS...YOU SCARED THE CRAP OUTTA ME....

AWW, POOR BABY. YOU NEED TO RELAX.....

AND I KNOW JUST THE THING.....

HMMMMPHH.

HUNH... WERE YOU WORKING WITH CATS TODAY? YOU KNOW HOW ALLERGIC I AM TO CATS...

CATS...NAH, THE ONLY ANIMAL I HELPED THE DOC WITH TODAY WAS MRS. CAMPBELL'S SKANKY OLD GOLDEN RETRIEVER...

TUMP

HHAATTCHOO!

WHAT WAS THA..?

WHAT THE FUCK?

OH MY GOD.

HSSSSSS!

WE ARE GETTIN' THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

VRRUM

OH MY GOD...

TODD!

HRSSSSS!

HRSSSSS!

SQUEE!

GLURP SQUK

GLRRK!

JESUSJESUSJESUS

OH GOD, SIR...YOU HAVE TO HELP US! MY BOYFRIEND! HE...

OH...NO... PLEASE... DON'T...

PRRRRR RURRRNNN!

SHUNK!

pleeeezzz.... doooon't....

HEH...HEH... HEEBIE JEEBIES.

JEEZ VLAD GET OVER IT, IT'S NOT THAT FUNNY.

W-WOULD YOU LIKE MORE COFFEE, MA'AM? UMM...SIR?

NO, THAT'S FINE...

WHAT? DON'T YOU PEOPLE HAVE SOME COUSINS TO HUMP OR SOMETHING?

FRICKIN' SMALL TOWN FREAK ASS MUMBLE... MUMBLE... NEVER SEEN A MUMBLE...

WELL LOOKEE HERE....

THE DAILY PA

Teens Brutally Murdered

Eminence, Indiana Police Baffled at First Murder in 12 Years.

TEENAGERS, SMALL TOWN, BRUTAL MURDER, NO SUSPECTS. THIS HAS "SLASHER" WRITTEN ALL OVER IT.

MOUNT UP, COWBOY.

SHELTER

WHAT DO YOU MEAN MS. ELSTEN CAN'T SEE MY DOG TODAY? HE NEEDS HIS IMMUNIZATIONS!

LOOK SUE, THERE WAS AN...INCIDENT LAST NIGHT...

IT'S IN ALL THE PAPERS....ONE OF OUR EMPLOYEES...WELL, LOOK, I'M NOT GONNA EXPLAIN IT...

JUST COME BY LATER THIS WEEK, OKAY?

WHY, I NEVER... COME ON RIFLE, LET'S GETCHOO HOME....JERKHOLE DOCTORS....

KYLE, WHO WAS THAT?

NO ONE IMPORTANT, BABE. DON'T YOU WORRY YOUR PRETTY LIL' HEAD.

NOW COME ON, LET'S GO HOME AND TAKE A BREAK...WE'VE DONE ENOUGH WORK TODAY WITH ALL THOSE COPS AND REPORTERS, AND....

I KNOW.... GOD...POOR TODD. I CAN'T BELIEVE SOMEONE DID THAT TOO HIM.

IT'S JUST... MAYBE WE'RE CURSED Y'KNOW... THERE WAS BOBBY LAST YEAR, AND NOW THIS...

HEY, LOOK, BOBBY WAS AN ACCIDENT....THIS IS SOMETHING ELSE. WHO KNOWS WITH KIDS THESE DAYS...

I MEAN, JESUS, DIDJA SEE WHAT SHE WAS WEARING FOR GOD'S SAKE?

MAYBE HE OWED SOME MONEY TO A DRUG DEALER OR SOMETHING. AND THAT GIRLFRIEND OF HIS...

WHATEVER THE CASE, WE JUST KEEP ON DOING OUR GOOD WORK AND LIVE OUR DREAM, BABY.

YOU KNOW YOU ALWAYS HAVE ME, AND...

AHEM

GODDAMN IT, I SAID TAKE YOUR FLEA BAG MUTT HOME! NO IMMUNIZATIONS TODAY!

OH...WELL, THAT'S OKAY.... HE'S ALREADY HAD HIS SHOTS.

ARF ARF. HUNH HUNH HUNH.

NOW, BEFORE WE GO BARKIN' UP THE WRONG TREE, I WANNA ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS.

I'LL DO THE QUESTION ASKIN' AROUND HERE, FREAKO.

CAN'T YA SEE THESE FINE PEOPLE HAVE SEEN ENOUGH WEIRD SHIT TODAY?

LOOK, WE'RE HERE TO HELP. WE'RE...

WHATEVER KIDDO.

ALL I NEED IS A BUNCHA GORE FREAKS HANGIN' 'ROUND MY CRIME SCENE. TAKE YOUR BIG FRIEND AND GO TIE EACH OTHER UP OR SOMETHIN'.

HEY DANA, YEAH THIS IS THE SHERIFF. THERE'S SOME FREAKY CITY KIDS COMING OUTTA DOC ELSTEN'S...

...DO ME A FAVOR AND MAKE SURE SOMEONE KEEPS AN EYE ON 'EM WOULD YA?

HEY BUDDY, HOW YA HOLDIN' UP?

AS WELL AS CAN BE I S'POSE.

STAFF ONLY

THIS WASN'T ONE O'..WELL... Y'KNOW...

JESUS, MAN, NO!

LISA, HONEY, DON'T WORRY...YOU LET KYLE TAKE CARE OF YOU, AND LET YOUR OLD FRIEND DONOVAN TAKE CARE OF ALL THIS OTHER STUFF.

I WILL...IT'S JUST... I'VE HAD THIS REALLY BAD FEELING THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS. I DUNNO. MAYBE IT COMES FROM WORKING WITH THE ANIMALS ALL DAY...CUZ THEY FEEL IT TO.

IT'S JUST THIS TERRIBLE FEELING OF DREAD....

ERRRRRR ERRR ERRR

AND, I THINK THE WORST IS YET TO COME.

ELSTEN ANIMAL SHELTER

THAT JERK ASS COP... "GORE FREAKS" HUH?

ELSTEN ANIMAL

I MIGHT BE THE ONLY THING IN THIS TOWN SMART ENOUGH TO HELP...FRIGGIN' HICK....

IT'S QUIET....

I WOULD LIKE TO ASK QUESTION...

YEAH? GO 'HEAD.

I DUNNO... SOMEBODY HAS TO...SOME...

NAH...I GUESS IT'S PROBABLY BECAUSE IF I DON'T DO THIS, I HAVE TO GO JOIN THE REAL WORLD...YOU KNOW...WHERE THEY WORK 9-5 JOBS, AND FIND TRUE LOVE, AND HAVE SEX...AND...

WHY YOU DO THIS...TRAVEL TO PLACES...HELP PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT NICE TO YOU?

MAYBE I'M AFRAID I'D FIND OUT WHAT A FREAK I REALLY AM.

OR, MAYBE I JUST LIKE SHOOTING THINGS SO EVIL AND CRAZY THAT THEY STAND UP TO GET SHOT AGAIN.

SHUSH.

GRUMBLE FRIGGIN' GRUMBLE

DAMN IT... DONOVAN YOU PRICK... SHOULD BE YOU OUT HERE...

WHOOF... SHIT!

WHUMP

WHAT THE...?

GAAAH!

POK!

OH...

GRRRRUUUUUUU

GHRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAH!

WHOAH... JESUS,

YOU SMELL THAT? SMELLS LIKE DEAD STUFF...

...DEAD STUFF AND WET DOG.

URRRRR.

URRRRR.

OH...DAMN.

THEY ARE HEADING FOR TOWN.

DANA...HEY, HUN, CAN YOU GRAB ME A COFFEE?

POLICE DEPAR

GONNA BE A LOOOONG NIGHT.

ONE COFFEE, LOTS O' CREAM, JUS' HOW YOU LIKE IT DONNY.

ANYTHING ELSE?

DANA, HUN, WHY'D YOU HAVE TO GO AND GET A BOYFRIEND? I MISS OUR SEXUAL TENSI-

AROOO AROOO AROOOO!

JEEZ, ROSCOE, WHAT THE HELL'S WRONG? YOU GOTTA PISS OR....

...THE HELL?

YIPE YIPE YIPE

K-RRISSSH!

URRRRLLL

DANA! RUN TO THE CELLS!

GET OUT OF HERE!

MY ASS. YOU CAN PLAY HERO ALL YOU WANT DONNY....

BUT I GET TO PLAY TOO.

MEOWRRRRR

HSSSSSS!

AAIIEEEEGH!

LLKLLKLLK

I THINK THEY'RE HEADING TOWARDS THE POLICE STATION.

THE SHERIFF'S A PRICK, BUT EVEN HE DOESN'T DESERVE TO END UP AS KIBBLES N' BITS.

WHEN I WAS A KID, MY CAT GOT HIT BY A VAN.

SPLUT!

IRONIC, ISN'T IT?

SLAM!

OKAY, WHEN WE GET IN THERE, WE FIND AND PROTECT THE ASSHOLE!

POLICE DEPARTM

FIND THE ASSHOLE... YES.

GRRRSH!

GRRKURKRR!

BOOM SHA-LAKA LAKA...

BOOM!

OKAY, BIG GUY. PLAN TIME.

HUNH? I HEAR ONLY THE RINGINGS.

ON THREE, WE RUN INTO THE POLICE STATION AND RE-KILL ANYTHING ON FOUR LEGS.

THREE.

SCHLOP!

BRAK!

BRAK!

POK!

POK! POK!

DOESN'T ANYONE LISTEN TO BOB BARKER?

SPLUT!

POK!

I MEAN, SERIOUSLY PEOPLE, "SPAY OR NEUTER YOUR PETS."

RRRRRRRRRR!

GROUFF GROUFF!

YIPE!

HERE KITTY KITTY.

PUNT!

SNIK!

KYLE... GOTTA CALL KYLE....

YOU'VE REACHED KYLE, I'M NOT TAKING CALLS RIGHT NOW, BUT LEAVE A MESSAGE.

KYLE... MAN...HE'S BACK MAN.... HE SENT THE ANIMALS FOR US....

HE'S GETTIN' EVERYBODY WHO WAS THERE THAT NIGHT... FIRST TODD.... NOW ME....

THAT MEANS YOU'RE NEXT BUDDY.

I THINK THE FREAKY KIDS ARE TRYING TO HELP..

SAY GOODBYE TO LISA FOR ME.

SNK!

FIRST TODD.... NOW ME....

THAT MEANS YOU'RE NEXT BUDDY. I THINK THE FREAKY KIDS ARE TRYING TO HELP..

SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT.

SAY GOODBYE TO LISA FOR ME.

OH BABY, I NEVER MEANT FOR THIS TO HAPPEN... IT WAS JUST A JOKE....

BUT I WON'T LET ANYONE HURT YOU OR RUIN OUR DREAM....

HATE TO TELL YA...

BUT I THINK YOUR DREAM TURNED INTO A NIGHTMARE.

A REALLY, REALLY MESSED UP NIGHTMARE.

WE HAVE TO TALK.

GODDAMMIT... I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING...IT WAS ALL SUPPOSED TO GO AWAY.

COFFEE?

NO THANKS... NEVER TOUCH THE STUFF. CAFFEINE MAKES ME EDGY.

OKAY, I GUESS THIS STARTS BACK WHEN LISA REOPENED THE OLD CLINIC...I WAS WORKING AS HER NURSE....

AND WE'D JUST STARTED SEEING EACH OTHER OUTSIDE OF WORK...

LISA HIRED THIS GUY TO TAKE CARE OF THE EUTHANIZING...A RETARDED...ER..."SPECIAL" GUY, NAMED **BOBBY BRUNSWICK.**

BOBBY WAS A NICE ENOUGH GUY...SWEET, NAIVE...

AND MAN, DID HE EVER LOVE LISA....

AND LISA, WELL, SHE LIKED HIM TOO...SHE SAW SOMETHING IN HIM...A **PURITY**, THAT I KNOW SHE DIDN'T SEE IN ME. LISA'S ALWAYS LOVED INNOCENCE... MAYBE IT'S WHY SHE LIKES ANIMALS SO MUCH.

BUT, GOD...I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND IT...IT JUST DROVE ME CRAZY THAT ANOTHER MAN COULD GIVE LISA SOMETHING I COULDN'T, Y'KNOW?

TODD, WELL, HE WAS JUST A MEAN LIL' SHIT. HE USED TO GIVE BOBBY HELL ALL THE TIME.. ALWAYS BEHIND LISA'S BACK.

AND I'LL BE DAMNED IF I DIDN'T JOIN RIGHT IN. WE DID SOME TERRIBLE THINGS TO HIM...TERRIBLE. BUT HE NEVER TOLD LISA.

ONE DAY, WE GOT THIS IDEA TO TRAP HIM IN THE GAS CHAMBER...

PRETEND LIKE WE WERE GONNA GAS HIM...REAL FUNNY, I KNOW.

Pleeazzz... don't.

GOD...IT WAS HORRIBLE...HE WAS SO SCARED...BUT IT MADE ME FEEL LIKE...LIKE THE BETTER MAN.

BUT SOMETHING WENT WRONG..THE FAIL SAFE DIDN'T WORK...WE DID EVERYTHING WE COULD...

IT WAS TOO LATE... WE KILLED BOBBY.

WE KILLED BOBBY BRUNSWICK.

WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO...I KNEW IF LISA FOUND OUT SHE'D LEAVE ME, I'D LOSE MY JOB...GO TO JAIL. SO I CALLED DONOVAN. ME AND DONOVAN. WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS SINCE WE WERE LITTLE KIDS.

WE COVERED IT UP...BURIED BOBBY IN THE WOODS WHERE HE BURIED ALL THE ANIMALS....AND WE ACTED LIKE BOBBY HAD JUST DISAPPEARED.

HE WAS RETARDED Y'KNOW... PEOPLE JUST FIGURED HE'D... RUN OFF OR SOMETHING.

YOU SON OF A BITCH.

YOU SON OF A BITCH!!!!

JESUS CHRIST.

YOU PROBABLY ALL DESERVE WHAT BOBBY IS DOING...

BUT BOBBY OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T CARE WHO HE HURTS ON HIS WAY TO GETTING YOU...

AND I'M GOING TO HELP YOU STOP HIM BEFORE LISA OR ANYONE ELSE DIES.

HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE? HE WAS DEAD... WE PUT HIM IN THE GROUND.

HE IS A SLASHER.

A WHAT?

A SLASHER.

IT'S A TYPE OF UNDEAD, I GUESS... SORT'VE LIKE A VAMPIRE OR A ZOMBIE.

THEY'RE SO FULL OF ANGER THAT THEY DON'T WANNA DIE. THEY HATE LOVE, YOUTH, SEX.... THINGS THEY MISS, FROM LIFE.

ALL I KNOW FOR SURE IS THAT THEY'RE MEAN AND HARD TO KILL.

HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS?

BECAUSE, I'M CASSIE HACK. I'M MEAN, I'M HARD TO KILL, AND I HUNT SLASHERS.

AHUHU HUH...

DAMN IT, DAMN IT DAMN IT...

POOR BOBBY... AHUH- HUUUUUH...

LIKLIKLIK

OH ROSCOE... C'MERE BOY... I THINK WE NEED EACH...

leee-zaaaah.

AIEEEEEEEE!!!

LISA?

RIGHT ON TIME.

YOU KNEW HE WAS COMING? YOU USED US... AS BAIT?

CASSIE HACK. HUNTS SLASHERS. REMEMBER?

KRRRRSH!

OH GOD!

HEY, OL' YELLER!!!

SPLOOCK!

BLAM!

SUCK IT.

leee-za... why uhhhhh- fraid?

it'ssss bahhhhh- beeee.

SWOK!

YOU MUST LEAVE HER ALONE.

nuuuu- uuuhhhhh....

sheee isss my fren'

she wuzzz th' oh-lee one who wasss nisssse to meh.

WHOMP!

GHVYYUH!

URRR...

no.

KRAK!

UCK!

lee-saa...

ah will be back for yoooou.

I...CAN'T... BREATHE...

kyyyy-- --ulll.

JUST ONCE.... I WANT A MIDGET SLASHER.

SNAK!

OOOF.

baah-beee goooin' to burrry you...

-alive.....

OH.... MY...GOD.

KOFF

HUMF...

WELL, DAN, IF IT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR CHEER-LEADERS....

CHUK!

HYAAAAAAH!

uggggh!

RUN, MAN, RUN!

GRRRRUUUUUL

URRRRRLLL

kyyyul...you took away everthing from bobby....

now bobby take awaaay yur head.

BOOM!!!

ugggh!!

OH, BOBBY... I'M SO SORRY... WHAT KYLE AND TODD AND DON DID WAS TERRIBLE.... BUT...

BUT, YOU'RE DEAD, BOBBY... YOU DON'T BELONG HERE.....

BOOM!

YOU HAVE TO SLEEP BOBBY...

LIKE ALL THOSE UNWANTED DOGS AND CATS....

WAKING UP IN A BETTER PLACE.

I'M SO SORRY BABY.... SO SO SORRY.

I KNOW... BUT WE'RE NOT DREAMING ANYMORE, KYLE.

MEOOWRR

PLOP

OUR DREAM... IS OVER.

guuuuuh.

BADOOM!

VLAD... IS HE.....?

UNCONSCIOUS... AND BOUND TO BE REALLY SORE... BUT ALIVE.

C'MON....LET'S GET OUT OF THE RAIN.

MORNING.

THERE....NOW, KEEP IN MIND THAT MOST OF MY PATIENTS ARE NAMED TABBY OR SPOT....

SO YA MAY WANT TO GET THAT CHECKED BY A REAL DOCTOR...

I AM SURE IT WILL BE FINE. THANK YOU DOCTOR ELSTEN.

LISA... CALL ME LISA.

THANKS... FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE. I...WELL... THERE'S A LOT TO THINK ABOUT....BUT, IF THERE'S ANYTHING...

WELL, I'M GOING DOWN TO CITY HALL TO DEAL WITH THE AUTHORITIES....NOT SURE HOW I'LL EXPLAIN ALL THIS...I MEAN THERE'S LIKE 40 INERT ZOMBIE PETS IN MY YARD FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

BUT, I'LL LEAVE THE BACK DOOR OPEN SO YOU GUYS CAN , Y'KNOW, RIDE OFF INTO THE SUNSET OR WHATEVER IT IS YOU DO.

THANK YOU, LISA. PERHAPS WE WILL MEET AGAIN ANOTHER DAY... UNDER BETTER CIRCUMSTANCES.

YEAH... THAT'D BE NICE. C'MON ROSCOE, TIME TO GO POO POO.

HEY VLAD, REMEMBER WHEN YOU ASKED ME WHY I DID THIS?

YES. I REMEMBER...IT WAS NOT LONG AGO.

WELL, I THOUGHT OF ANOTHER REASON. IT'S A DOOZY.

OKAY...HERE GOES... EVERYTIME I LOOK IN THE MIRROR, I SEE MY MOTHER. AND I THINK ABOUT ALL THE RAGE AND HATE I HAVE...

FOR BEING A FREAK, FOR NEVER BEING UNDERSTOOD.... AND I THINK ABOUT DYING SOMEDAY...

DO I HAVE ENOUGH IN ME TO COME BACK... LIKE HER?

SO I DESTROY EVERY SLASHER I CAN FIND....I HATE THEM...BECAUSE I'M AFRAID I'M JUST LIKE THEM.

LET'S GO GET SOME DONUTS.

SO, WHY DO YOU FOLLOW ME? Y'KNOW..YOU'VE NEVER TOLD ME.

HRMM....YOU ARE MY FRIEND. YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO DOES NOT HATE ME FOR MY FACE... HUR HURR... I DO NOT GIVE YOU THE "HEEBIE-JEEBIES".

ALSO.. I LIKE WHEN YOU WEAR THE CHEERLEADER OUTFIT.

ERR... YEAH...

ABOUT THAT "HEEBIE-JEEBIES" THING....

ARA RAH RAH RAH!

ARA RAH RAH RAH!

HRGGSSSS!

YIPE!

THE END

HACK/SLASH

GIRLS GONE DEAD

HOW'S IT GOIN' TONIGHT SPRING BREAKERS!

YEAHHHHH!

WOOOO!

THAT SUCKED! I WANNNA HEAR YOU SCREAMMMM!

WAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!

NOT BAD, NOT BAD. OKAY, FUCK THIS SCREAMIN' SHIT, WHO WANTS TO SEE SOME TITTIES?

YOU, LIKE, DARE ME TO GO UP ON STAGE?

OH, LIKE THE WHOLE TOWN OF *PANAMA CITY BEACH* HASN'T ALREADY SEEN YOUR BOOBS.

JUST CURIOUS, IS THERE MORE TO *SPRING BREAK* THAN BEADS, BEER AND SHOWIN' YOUR TITS TO STRANGERS?

LOOK, IF YOU WANTED POTATO SALAD, POLKA, AND BOYS YOUR MOM APPROVES OF, YOU SHOULD HAVE WENT TO A CHURCH PICNIC.

I NEED ONE MORE GIRL TO PLAY "WHEEL OF SIN!"

OOH, ME! ME!

HEY, WHAT'S UP? I'M MATT.

YA WANNA DITCH THIS PLACE AND TAKE A WALK DOWN BY THE BEACH?

YEAH, SURE.

YEAH, I TOTALLY KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. SPRING BREAK IS REALLY *DEGRADING* TO WOMEN.

IT'S LIKE, "SHOW US YOUR BOOBS, CUZ LIKE WE DON'T CARE ABOUT THE PERSON INSIDE."

SPRING BREAK SHOULD BE HAPPY, AND LIKE, NON-DEGRADING TO EVERYBODY, RIGHT? WOMEN HAVE TO FACE DEGRADING STUFF ALL THE TIME...

LIKE, Y'KNOW, PORN, AND SLASHER MOVIES.

MATT, YOU DON'T REALLY THINK ANY OF THIS STUFF DO YOU? YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO GET INTO MY PANTS.

WELL, UM... NO...

MATT, LAY DOWN.

AT LEAST YOU PUT SOME EFFORT INTO IT. MORE THAN HALF THE GUYS HERE THINK IT'S GOOD ENOUGH JUST TO OFFER ME *PLASTIC BEADS* THAT I CAN GET FOR 99 CENTS AT A PARTY STORE.

OH YEAHHH...

HEY, LOOK OUT!

WOK!

OH GOD!!

SINNER.
FORNICATOR.

HELP!
OH GOD,
HELP!!

AHH!

SQT

WHORE.

AH!
MY LEG!
SHIT!

ABOMINATION.

AHHHHHHHH

TWO DAYS LATER...

PANAMA VISTA HOTEL

I HAVE SEEN SOME HORRIBLE THINGS LATELY...ZOMBIE PETS, THE BATHROOM OF WAFFLE HOUSE... BUT, THIS...THIS TAKES THE CAKE.

WHEN YOU'RE TRAINING TO FIGHT UNDEAD KILLERS, YOU NEVER THINK, "HEY, HOW WILL I USE THESE SKILLS TO CLEAN A USED CONDOM OFF THE CEILING?"

VLAD, HOW YA DOING IN THERE?

I HAVE FOUND A FRIEND. CAN WE KEEP HIM?

MEHEHEHEHEH

THE SOONER WE FIGURE OUT IF WE'RE DEALING WITH A SLASHER, THE SOONER WE CAN QUIT THIS JOB AND GET BACK ON THE ROAD. THIS HIGH HUMIDITY AND CONCENTRATION OF MORONS IS GETTING TO ME...

HURRR... I DO NOT MIND THIS PLACE... THE AIR IS GOOD... AND THERE IS MUCH BEAUTIFUL...

...SCENERY.

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THAT PARTY AT THE POINT BEACH-HOUSE? S'POSED TO BE HUGE.

OH, RIGHT... THE *'GIRLS GONE NAUGHTY'* PARTY. I'M THERE.

AH, YES, HOW CAN I FORGET THE HIGHLIGHT OF SPRING BREAK... *'GIRLS GONE NAUGHTY'* BEACH HOUSE PARTY...

"HEY FELLAS, WHAT'S THE ONLY THING BETTER THAN A YOUNG, INTELLIGENT COLLEGE GIRL WITH A LIBERAL EDUCATION, AND A WORLDLY VIEW?"

"THAT SAME GIRL... *GONE NAUGHTY!*"

"THIS YEAR, GIRLS GONE NAUGHTY IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE A BRAND NEW 'GIRLS GO NAUGHTY' AT THE SPRING BREAK BEACH HOUSE!"

"THAT'S RIGHT, WE'VE RENTED A BEACH HOUSE IN PANAMA CITY BEACH, FLORIDA, AND WE'RE GONNA FILL IT WITH SEX CRAZED COLLEGE STUDENTS, TAPE IT ALL, AND SELL IT TO YOU!"

"FOR ONLY *$19.95* PLUS SHIPPING AND HANDLING!"

"AND, GIRLS, DON'T FORGET, IF YOU THINK YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES, AND YOU CAN GO NAUGHTY, SIGN UP ON THE WEBSITE TO COME TO THE ***NAUGHTIEST*** PARTY ON EARTH!"

SPONSORED BY *FLAMBUCA* FLAMIN' SHOTS.

IT'S WEIRD. YOU'D NEVER KNOW A SLAUGHTER HAPPENED HERE THREE DAYS AGO. EVERYBODY JUST CARRIES ALONG, DRINKIN', GABBIN'...

BUNCH A' IGNORANT DIPSHITS.

COURSE, IT DOESN'T HELP THAT THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES PUT THE KIBOSH ON THIS PRETTY FAST. DOUBLE HOMICIDES TEND TO BE BAD FOR BUSINESS.

ESPECIALLY WHEN YOUR BUSINESS IS BEING A PLACE WHERE A BUNCH OF PRE-ADULTS CAN SPEND MOMMY AND DADDY'S MONEY, DRINK LIKE FISH, PAW AT EACH OTHER...

...AND NOT HAVE A CARE IN THE WORLD.

ELSEWHERE

WAKEY WAKEY!

MANIPULATOR... ENVIOUS *WHORE.*

THAT WAS A BAD THING YOU DID.

YOU COULD RUIN US BY GOING OUT LIKE YOU DID... YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF *WHORES* AND *FORNICATORS* TO PUNISH...

...WHEN I TAKE YOU TO THE GATES OF *SODOM* AND *GAMORRA* ITSELF.

SO. TELL OF YOUR PLAN AGAIN.

IT'S SIMPLE. WE WALK AROUND TO ALL THE HOTELS ON THE BEACH, AND I USE MY CHARM TO CHAT UP THE CLEANING LADIES... FIND OUT IF THERE'S ANYTHING FUNNY GOING ON...

MY INSTINCTS ARE TELLIN' ME, THE KILLER IS STILL STAYING HERE SOMEWHERE ON THE BEACH. ALL THE ***TEENAGERS*** AND ***SEX***... IT WOULD BE IRRESISTIBLE...

PLUS, THIS IS A ***BEACH***... THERE'S NO WOODS TO HIDE IN, BASEMENTS TO LURK IN... REALLY, IT'S A HOTEL, OR WIDE EXPANSES OF OPEN BEACH.

IF I WERE A SLASHER, I'D JUST KILL SOMEBODY, STUFF THE BODY, AND TAKE THEIR ROOM.

NOW, SLASHERS, UNLIKE SERIAL KILLERS, AREN'T KNOWN FOR THEIR TIDINESS. SLASHERS JUST EXIST TO KILL AND STAB AND STUFF.

SO, WE ASK AROUND, SEE IF THERE'RE ROOMS WITH 'DO NOT CLEAN' INSTRUCTIONS... Y'KNOW, FOR A COUPLE DAYS. THEN, I SNEAK IN... TAKE A LOOK AROUND... ETCETERA, ETCETERA.

SIMPLE REALLY. COPS PROBABLY DIDN'T EVEN THINK...

HEY BEAUTIFUL, DITCH THAT MOUNTAIN, AND COME UP TO MY ROOM!

UH... HUM.. TH-THANKS.

HURRM... I HAVE NEVER SEEN YOU WITHOUT A... WHAT DO YOU SAY... ONE-LINER.

Paradise Suites

YEAH... AHEM.. LET'S NEVER SPEAK OF THAT AGAIN.

SOON...

NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT'S BEHIND DOOR NUMBER ONE...

UHHH... SORRY... WRONG ROOM.

PORK RINDS

DOOR NUMBER TWO...

SORRY!

DOOR NUMBER FOUR...

SWEET FANCY MOSES.

EXCUSE ME.

DOOR NUMBER *FIVE...*

PLEASE DON'T LET ME HAVE TO BURN MY EYES OUT...

HMM.

...LISTENING TO FLORIDA'S NUMBER ONE CHRISTIAN RADIO STATION.....

A CLEAN ROOM, RELIGIOUS RADIO STATION PLAYING...

IN IOWA, THIS'D BE PAR FOR THE COURSE. BUT HERE, DURING SPRING BREAK, IT'S KINDA...

'LIVING GOD'S WAY' WITH SISTER ROSEMARY...

WEIRD.

GIRLS GONE NAUGHT

CLIK

OH, SHIT.

WHAT A *BEAUTIFUL* DAY!

I'M SO SORRY YOU CAN'T ENJOY IT, FATHER.

AND YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS SURPRISED TO FIND?

THEY HAVE A LIBRARY IN THIS HUMID LIL' DEN OF SIN.

I LEARNED ALL *KINDS* OF NEW THINGS ABOUT THE BOOK TODAY.

OKAY, WHO'S THIS GEEK?

AND WHO'S SHE TALKING TO? IT SMELLS WEIRD IN HERE... LIKE...

...LIKE BLOOD.

UNBELIEVER. WORSHIPPER OF FALSE IDOLS.

BURN...
BURN IN THE FLAMES
OF TORMENT.

OH GOD, I ALMOST SCREAMED. ***COME ON,*** CASSIE... YOU KILL THESE THINGS. NOW IS NOT THE TIME TO FOR A ***LINNEA QUIGLEY*** IMPRESSION. FIND A WEAPON... ICEPICK IN MY BOOT... KNIFE...

HHHHHHHHHH.

HE'S NOT MOVING.

HHHHHHHHHH.

IT'S LIKE HE'S FROZEN OR SOMETHING.

HRRRRAAAH!

AH!

MEAN BASTARD.

I FOUND OUR SLASHER... NOW I JUST HAVE TO GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.

WHAT'S THAT, *FATHER WRATH?* ARE YOU STILL MAD THAT YOU CAN ONLY MOVE WHEN I SAY SO?

Y'KNOW, IF I HAD HAD THIS MUCH CONTROL OVER JEREMY, LIFE WOULD HAVE BEEN SO MUCH EASIER. 'SIT JEREMY. LOVE ME FOREVER JEREMY. BE SATISFIED WITH ME, AND WAIT UNTIL WE'RE WEDDED IN THE EYES OF GOD TO HAVE SEX, JEREMY.'

WELL, I HAVE TO TAKE A SHOWER FATHER, SO BE A GOOD PRIEST AND CLOSE YOUR...

FUCK IT. NO TIME FOR SUBTLETY.

SNOK!

-OOF!

TALK HUN, OR YOU GET AN EMERGENCY *BREAST* REDUCTION.

ꓘꓤꓤꓢ ꓢꓭꓘꓤꓣ ꓘꓞꓔꓤ ꓩꓲꓘꓔ ꓠꓲꓢ ꓤꓟꓤꓢꓠꓲꓢꓞꓟ ꓤ ꓠꓞꓢ ꓞꓢ

WHA...?

HUCK!

TOCK!

AIAH!

PFAAH...

THAT'S RIGHT, FATHER, ENJOY YOUR FREEDOM.

KRRLUNK!

OOOF!

SPLUCK

...BECAUSE *CHRIST* UNDERSTANDS YOUR *PAIN*, AND THE PAIN THAT *OTHERS* INFLICT...

FA-CHRRK!

SQUARK!

AHUH... I CAN'T WIN THIS...

...NOT YET.

SKRRSH

SHIT, MAN, TROUF IS, I C'N HAVE A GIRL WHENEVER I WANT.

PLOOSH!

MANIPULATOR! BURN... UCK!

OHNO ME SLAKE

TIME FOR US TO LEAVE, FATHER.

HURRM... PERHAPS YOU SHOULD REST CASSANDRA.

A VISTA HOTEL

TAK TAK TAK TIK

THERE'S SOME INTERESTING STUFF ON THE INTERNET ABOUT THIS FATHER WRATH GUY...

...HE WAS ONE OF THOSE ***FIRE AND BRIMSTONE,*** RACIST, HOMOPHOBE PREACHERS.

TAK TAK TAK TIK

Interpol

milk and midnight

HAD A FOLLOWING IN TENNESSEE. SAYS HERE, NO ONE IS SURE IF HE WAS EVER A REAL PRIEST. HE CALLED HIMSELF ***FATHER WRATH,*** AS IN ***WRATH OF GOD.***

GOD HATES FAGS

JEWS KILT JESUS

BUT, WRATH HAS A SECRET, RIGHT? HE LIKES TO ***DRESS UP*** AS A WOMAN, AND HE'S ATTRACTED TO ***MEN.***

SO, WRATH HAS HIMSELF THIS ASSISTANT, A GUY NAMED ***SAMUEL,*** THAT HE'S GROOMING TO BE HIS SUCCESSOR.

SO, ONE DAY, WRATH CAN'T STOP HIMSELF, AND HE TRIES TO ***BLESS*** OL' ***SAMUEL*** WITH HIS ***HOLY TOUCH.***

BUT, SAMMY, HE WASN'T HAVING ANY OF THAT.

AND THAT WAS THE END OF FATHER WRATH.

AT LEAST, UNTIL THIS CATHOLIC ***SCHOOL GIRL*** FROM HELL FIGURED OUT A WAY TO BRING HIM BACK.

NO MINIATURE GOLF, THEN. YES?

SORRY, VLAD. TONIGHT IS THE ***'GIRLS GONE NAUGHTY'*** BEACH HOUSE PARTY.

SO, SHARPEN YOUR KNIVES AND GRAB YOUR RUBBER DUCKY.

CUZ UNLESS WE STOP FATHER WRATH, HE'S GONNA TURN THAT ***BEACHHOUSE*** INTO A ***BLOODBATH.***

LATER...

GIRLS GONE NAUGHTY!

WELCOME TO THE GGN BEACHHOUSE! DRINK UP AND GET NAUGHTY!

WHOOOOOOO!

YEAAAAAHHHH!

OH MY GOD! IS THAT...? IT...IT IS! IT'S A ***BREAST!!***

WHA!? WHERE!? I GOTTA GET IT ON FILM!

DUDE... THIS'LL BE MY BIGGEST DEPOSIT TO THE ***SPANK-BANK*** YET!

YEAH, SCREW 'GIRLS GONE NAUGHTY'... WE'LL MAKE OUR OWN VIDEO...

AHEM.

HUNNNNH... HELLO LITTLE PERVERTS.

BEEP BEEP

HOLY SHIT!!

AAAAAH!

HELLO. THIS IS VLAD. WHO IS SPEAKING. YES?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY THAT VLAD, IT'S ALWAYS GONNA BE ME. ANYWAY, I'M IN. ARE YOU IN POSITION?

YES. I AM.

GOOD... I'LL FIND OUR SLASHER AND HIS LIL' FRIEND, SO WE CAN GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE. THIS PARTY SUCKS ***ASS***.

CASSIE OUT.

THIS DOESN'T REALLY LOOK LIKE YOUR SCENE. YOU NEED A DRINK.

I DON'T DRINK AND I DON'T SHOW MY TITS.

NAH, NOTHIN' LIKE THAT. HOW ABOUT A WATER, OR AN ICED TEA?

UMM... SURE... AN ICED TEA... DECAF.

YEAH, I'VE GOT JUST THE THING. NO CAFFEINE, AND IT'LL COOL YA DOWN.

ONE LONG ISLAND ICED TEA COMIN' UP.

IN ANOTHER ROOM...

SO, YA WANNA COME UPSTAIRS WITH ME, SCHOOL-GIRL?

IT'S *LAURA*, AND, SURE, I'D *LOVE* TO.

LEFT BREAST, RED!

SO, WHAT'S IN THE BOOK, LAURA?

IT'S A BIBLE... TO PRAY ON WHEN I'M NAUGHTY.

OH WOW... THAT IS *SO* HOT.

SO, WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE PART?

HMM... THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS... STATION TWELVE.

...'DYING ON THE CROSS'.

OH MAN... YOU ARE ONE *CRAZY* CHICK...

SHLLLLLTCH

HUK!

OH... OH GOD. THAT WAS WORSE THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE. I... I COULD NEVER HAVE DONE THAT...

BUT THIS HAS TO BE DONE. JEREMY LEFT ME BECAUSE OF THIS *CELEBRATION OF SIN*...

AND WE HAVE TO SHOW THEM THAT CAUSING PAIN INVOKES WRATH.

FATHER WRATH, I NEED YOU TO PICK UP HIS BODY AND GET AS MUCH BLOOD AS YOU CAN. IT'S THE MAIN COMPONENT IN THIS NEXT SPELL...

THE ONE THAT SEALS OFF ALL EXITS, TRAPPING EVERYONE INSIDE SO YOU CAN KILL THEM, ONE-BY-ONE.

AND IT'LL ALL BE CAPTURED ON CAMERA. ANYTIME ANYONE THINKS ABOUT SPRING BREAK, THEY'LL THINK OF ALL THOSE BLOODY TEENAGERS, WHO JUST WANTED TO GET DRUNK AND NAKED AND HAVE A GOOD TIME.

OH, AND FATHER WRATH...

YOU DON'T THINK I'M CRAZY, DO YOU?

WOOOO!

WOOOSH!

THE FLAMBUCA FLAMING SHOT.

THANK YOU.

WHUH? WHAT AM I DOING? I JUS' CLAPPED FOR THAT GUY AND HIS FLAMIN' LIQUOR.

WAITASECON'...

WHUD YOU DO TO MUH DRINK, YOU FUCKER?

HEY HUN, YOU NEEDED TO LOOSEN UP.

IF I WUZZIN ABOUT TO PUKE I WOULD KICK YOUR...

ASSZZZZ..

FWUMP!

...THIS IS CASSIE. SUCK IT. **BEEEEEEP**

HURRRRR...

SOMETHING IS NOT RIGHT. I HAVE HEEBIE-JEEBIES. NOT RIGHT. INDEED.

I WILL HAVE TO GET INTO THE HOUSE. BUT I WILL NEED A DISGUISE...

DAMN IT... HOW DO I PISS IN THIS GODDMAN THING?

THIS'LL TEACH ME TO WORK FOR A *GODDAMN* TEMP AGENCY...

HURR HURR... PERFECT.

INSIDE THE BEACHHOUSE...

WHURRR... EVERYTHING IS SPINNY...

WHY AM I DANCING? I DON'T DANCE. I HATE THESE PEOPLE. THIS ISN'T ME. I'M SOMEONE ELSE.

SOMEONE WITHOUT A JOB, OR A PARTNER, OR AN UNDEAD SLASHER MOTHER...

SOMEONE WITHOUT A CARE IN THE WORLD.

WANNA DANCE?

AHH- UMM... *YES.*

YOU ACT LIKE NO ONE'S EVER ASKED YOU TO DANCE BEFORE.

NO ONE EVER HAS.

THE SPELL IS FINISHED.

THERE IS NO ESCAPE.

SLAM!

HURR?

EERRRRGH!

IT IS SEALED... AND I CAN NOT BUDGE IT.

BZZAT!

WUUURF!

WHOAH... CHECK IT OUT, FLAMMY TOOK A SPILL!

FLAMMY'S GETTIN' HIGH ON HIS OWN SUPPLY!

YES... SOMETHING IS VERY WRONG HERE.

UPSTAIRS

THIS IS *AWESOME*... WE CAN GET NAUGHTY AND WATCH IT AT THE *SAME* TIME.

HEY, SAVE SOME FOR ME.

MHHMMMM

YEAHHH...

HURRRAH!

OH MY GOD.

OH FUCK! HE'S TRYIN' TO ELECTROCUTE US!

GET..OUT...

F-WOK

SHRRAK!

AAAAAAH!

POF!

WHUUHHH?

WHAT'S HAPPENIN' TO THE LIGHT?

SWOK

INTERLOPER. PROTECTOR OF SIN. RRRAAAAH!

RRP

SHING!

F-CHING!

HHHHHHHH!

UCCCK!

KLUNK!

COVETER. YOU WANT WHAT WILL NEVER BE YOURS.

WASH AWAY YOUR SIN.

SPLOOSH!

OH MY GOD-- GET OUT!

SOME FREAK TRIED TO KILL US!

OH CRAP! THIS DOOR WON'T MOVE, MAN!

SHIT. I GOTTA GO.

WAIT...

AHHHH!

KPRAK!

OH GOD...

HUH. WHAT DO YOU KNOW? MAYBE I COULDA DONE THIS ALL BY MYSELF.

BOIL IN THE PIT, SINNER.

HURRRRRRR

?

WOMP!

HUNNNNH!!

HURRK!

RRAH!!

WAK

HEY, YOU'RE THE GIRL WHO BROKE INTO MY ROOM AND HIT ME IN THE FACE.

THAT REALLY HURT.

I THINK I'LL LET FATHER WRATH KILL ALL THESE OTHER SINNERS AND FORNICATORS. BUT, I THINK I'LL KILL YOU MYSELF. I FIGURE, I'M RIGHT IN GOD'S EYES.

AFTER JEREMY FUCKED SOME WET T-SHIRT CONTEST WINNING SLUT ON SPRING BREAK, IT WAS GOD THAT LED ME TO THE CHURCH BASEMENT... TO THAT OLD DUSTY BOOK WITH ALL OF ITS SPELLS.

AND IT WAS GOD THAT LED ME TO THAT LIL' TENNESSEE TOWN, WITH IT'S ERRANT UNDEAD KILLER. A KILLER JUST WAITING FOR A BRIGHT SOUL TO GUIDE HIM.

AND IT WAS GOD THAT LED ME TO THIS VERY SPOT, STANDING OVER A FORNICATING, CHEATING SLUT WITH A LOADED GUN, JUST BEGGING ME TO PULL THE TRIGGER. GOD WANTED ME TO KEEP THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEVOTION AND TRUE LOVE.

DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY TO THAT?

YEAH...

KEEP CLUCKING, BITCH.

UNNH...

WUUUH...

BLAUGGH...

KRRRSH!

HYYYA!

AIEEEH!

KILLING YOU IS GOING TO GIVE ME MORE PLEASURE THAN JEREMY *EVER* GAVE ME.

YEAH, WELL...

MAYBE IF YOU WEREN'T SUCH A COLD FISH...

WONK!

YARKSH!

DEMON.

PUTRIFIC BEAST.

HURRAAHH!

-UCK

SLIIIISSSSSSH!

FFFF... SIIINNNRRR...

...WHAT'S THAT?

BURRRRNNN... KOFF-HOCHKKKK!

WAS THAT A SNEEZE?

GOD BLESS YOU.

SPLLAAACCK!

AFTER I BEAT YOU SENSELESS...

I'M GOING TO FIND A SPELL TO TURN YOU INSIDE OUT WHILE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE...

ACTUALLY, THAT'S KINDA HOW I FEEL RIGHT NOW...

-P-KOW!

MY BOOK...

YEAH... AND YOUR HEAD TOO, UNLESS YOU JUST CHILL THE FUCK OUT...

MY BOOK... MY BOOK!!!

I CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITHOUT MY BOOK!

I DIDN'T EVEN GET THROUGH ALL THE SPELLS!

OFF!

KRRRASH!

WHO DO YOU THINK IS FASTER, YOU BOOZED UP BIMBO?

I... BLAGH... DUNNO... BUT, I DO THINK YOU'RE WINNING THE WET T-SHIRT CONTEST...

HUH?

MADE YA LOOK...

BWOOSSH!

THE DOORS ARE OPENING AGAIN...

...RUN!

DUDE, CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!

AAAAH!

UNNNGHF... GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE...

OOFF... OH GOD... I'M GONNA DIE IN THE 'GIRLS GONE NAUGHTY' BEACH HOUSE...

OH...

VLAD...

THANK YOU...

YES. LET US LEAVE.

THAT PARTY SUCKED ASS.

URRRH... OH GOD... MY HEAD...

I... HAVE... NEVER... FELT... WORSE.

SO... DID WE GET THE BAD GUYS?

THE BAD GUYS...

AND THE BEACH HOUSE.

WELL, WHAT NEXT, PARTNER?

I WAS THINKING PERHAPS 'WAFFLE HOUSE'.

OH... GOD... I'M GONNA PUKE AGAIN...

VLAD... I'M... I'M SORRY... I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO ME LAST NIGHT... I DUNNO... ALL THOSE KIDS, HAVING SO MUCH FUN... DRINKING, LAUGHING...

...IT WASN'T ME...

BUT WHOEVER IT WAS...

SHE WAS CAREFREE...

...SHE FIT IN...

AND, Y'KNOW... PEOPLE ACTUALLY LIKED HER.

HURRRRR...

...YES SOMETIMES IT IS GOOD FOR PEOPLE TO LIKE US...

EVEN IF WE ARE HIDING OUR TRUE FACE WITH A MASK.

SNACK

END!

HACK/SLASH

COMIC BOOK CARNAGE

PENNSYLVANIA CONVENTION CENTER. *WHIZZER WORLD PHILADELPHIA...*

...DAY ONE.

"LET THEM RUN... TRY TO HIDE..."

NINJA

THE CHASE MAKES THEIR BLOOD THAT MUCH SWEETER!!!

HAHAHA

SKETCH

HAHAH...

YEAH, MAN, THAT'S MY FAVORITE LINE FROM "30 DAYS OF NIGHT." I USE IT AS MY FORUM SIGNATURE AT YOUR WEB SITE. IT IS ***SOOO*** COOL TO FINALLY MEET YOU, MAN... STEVE NILES... "MASTER OF THE MACABRE."

SO WHAT ELSE YOU GOT GOIN', MAN?

ANOTHER "30 DAYS" SEQUEL?

ACTUALLY....

I STARTED *YOUNG BUCK ENTERTAINMENT*... I'M GOING TO REVAMP THE OLD *SILVER KEY COMICS* SUPERHERO, *WUNDERKIND*...

...KINDA THROW A NEW, DARK ANGLE ONTO THE CHARACTER.

WE'RE GOING TO INTRODUCE HIM TO A WHOLE NEW MATURE AUDIENCE.

EXCUSE ME... *STEVE*...

...CHUCK FROM *WHIZZER*...

CAN I GET SOME PHOTOS OF YOU GUYS AND SOME CREDITS? WE'RE GONNA RUN A LIL' BLURB ABOUT YOU GUYS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF *WHIZZER*.

THE FACES OF *YOUNG BUCK ENTERTAINMENT*:

STEVE NILES, CO-WRITER- *WUNDERKIND.*

CREDITS- *30 DAYS OF NIGHT, WAKE THE DEAD, FUSED.* AKA- MASTER OF THE MACABRE, MR. MOVIE DEAL.

SKOTTIE YOUNG, ARTIST- *WUNDERKIND.*

CREDITS- *THE HUMAN TORCH, VENOM.*

MESSY STENCH, COLORIST- *WUNDERKIND.*

WEB MISTRESS & SPOKESWOMAN- *YOUNGBUCKENT.COM.*

CREDITS- TROMA ENTERTAINMENT'S *TROMETTE OF THE MONTH.* FILMS-*DEATH BY BOOBJOB 2.*

THANKS *STEVE!*

YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, NILES...YOU FUCKING HACK.

EXCUSE ME?

I SUBMITTED A WUNDERKIND REVAMP PROPOSAL TO YOU TWO YEARS AGO. *TWO FUCKING YEARS AGO!*

AND, NOW, YOU HAVE THE NERVE TO STAND HERE AND TAKE CREDIT FOR IT!

THAT BOOK SHOULD SAY *BY JERRY HANNA!!*

LOOK... JERRY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO BREAK INTO THIS GODFORSAKEN FIELD FOR FIFTEEN YEARS! AND, IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA STAND BY AND LET SOME *'SPAWN'* WRITER TAKE MY IDEAS...

...YOU ARE SORELY MISTAKEN!

I WILL DO THINGS TO YOU THAT WOULD FILL *1000* OF YOUR PIECE-OF-SHIT HORROR COMICS!

WHAM

IS THERE A PROBLEM?

ROBERT KIRKMAN- CO-WRITER- *WUNDERKIND.*

CREDITS- *BATTLE POPE, THE WALKING DEAD, INVINCIBLE.*

WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT, MAN?

I DUNNO... SOME GUY...THINKS I STOLE HIS *WUNDERKIND* IDEA.

DID YOU?

CHRIST, NO!

WELL, SPEAKIN' OF OUR BOY, *WUNDERKIND*...

...I FOUND SOME GREAT BACK ISSUES IN A QUARTER BIN.

?

"YOUNG JIMMY JOHNSON BECOMES THE HERO, WUNDERKIND!"

HAHA... PRETTY RETARDED STUFF. I THINK I MISS THE OLD GOOFY SHIT FROM WHEN WE WERE KIDS.

YEAH... ME TOO.

I'M GOING BACK TO MY ROOM... I'LL SEE YOU GUYS LATER TONIGHT.

BUT, IT'S A DIFFERENT WORLD NOW...

AWARENESS

607

DAMN... WHERE'D I PUT MY GLASSES?

JUST NOT MY DAY...

WHA..? IS SOMEONE THERE..?

FWIT!

AHH!

AHH... SHIT... WHUUUH...

OH MY GOD!

SHING

feeling stiff, mr. niles?

let's get that blood flowing again...

PLEASE... ANYTHING YOU WANT...I...CAN... GIVE...YOU...

what i wanted, mr. niles...

SHUNK SHUNK SHUNK SLISH SLASH

SHUNK SHUNK SLISH-SLASH

SHUNK SHUNK SHUNK SLASH

you have already taken away.

SOMERSET, PENNSYLVANIA. FRIDAY, 11:40 PM.

HOT

"THAT'S RIGHT, COME TO CASSIE."

YAHH!

GRRAAH!

SHINK SHINK SHINK

LOOO--CEEE... I'M HOOME.

HURR HURR HURR.

AND I HAVE BROUGHT DINN--

...NER.

VLAD...

HEH, UMM... JEEZ...

...WELL...

LET ME GO GET SOME CLOTHES ON...

...

SORRY...I'VE JUST BEEN REALLY BORED... WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR TWO WEEKS... AND WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF MONEY.

YES...THAT IS WHY I WAITED OUTSIDE BURGER KING UNTIL THEY CLOSED.

AND GRABBED ALL THE EXTRAS THEY THREW AWAY.

FREE DINNER. YES?

YOU GOT OUR DINNER FROM A FAST FOOD GARBAGE?

YES.

GOT ANY DOUBLE CHEESEBURGERS?

SOON...

WHUU... OUR DIET IS GONNA KILL US LONG BEFORE A SLASHER DOES....

HURR... YES...

...AND IN OTHER NEWS:

PHILADELPHIA POLICE ARE INVESTIGATING A ***GRISLY*** HOTEL DEATH TONIGHT.

LOS ANGELES BASED HORROR COMIC BOOK WRITER ***STEVE NILES*** WAS DISCOVERED DEAD IN HIS HOTEL SHOWER.

ONLY HOURS AFTER ATTENDING THE ***WHIZZER WORLD COMIC CONVENTION*** TODAY.

...BUT HAVE NOT RULED OUT ***MURDER***...

POLICE SAY THEY ARE INVESTIGATING THIS AS A SUICIDE...

PACK UP, VLAD. PHILLY IS A ONLY A FEW HOURS FROM HERE. I'VE GOT A FEELING ABOUT THIS...

YES?

SLASHERS LOVE A GOOD IRONIC KILL...

THE SMOKER GETS BURNED ALIVE, THE SLUT GETS STUFFED IN THE OUTHOUSE TOILET, THE COOK SERVES THE STUDENTS AS SCHOOL LUNCH...

KILLING THE HORROR WRITER IN THE SHOWER, ***"PSYCHO"*** STYLE... WELL, IT DOESN'T GET A LOT MORE IRONIC THAN THAT.

WE GO NOW.

CAN I LOOK AT THE COMIC BOOKS, AS WELL?

WHIZZER WORLD PHILADELPHIA, DAY TWO.

I THINK HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE THAT DR. SATAN GUY FROM *HOUSE OF 1000 CORPSES.*

I WAS THINKING PSYCHO MANTIS FROM *METAL GEAR.*

HEY! CAN I GET A PICTURE?!

HURRM...I AM VERY POPULAR TODAY.

THIS IS REALLY FUCKING WEIRD.

F-WSH

UM... AND CAN YOU TAKE MY PICTURE WITH HER?

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.

NO MORE PHOTOS, "DR. SATAN".

WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO.

WE SHOULD FIND THESE GUYS NILES WAS WORKIN' WITH...*YOUNG BUCK ENTERTAIN-MENT.*

FIND OUT WHAT THEY KNOW, AND...

VLAD?

?!

YOU READ COMICS WHEN YOU WERE A LIL' KID, HUH?

YES. THE BUTCHER TAUGHT ME TO READ WITH THEM.

HURRR...I LOVED THEM VERY MUCH.

SO WHAT'D YOU READ? SPIDER-MAN? BATMAN? CONAN?

NO. MY FAVORITE...

Chippy Chipmunk

..WAS CHIPPY CHIPMUNK.

HA-HA-HA.

CHIPPY CHIPMUNK? HAHAHA...OH MAN... THAT IS SO LAME...

HA-HA-HA.

HURR... MAY I BORROW A DOLLAR?

AHEMM-

YEAH...I HEAR HE WAS DRAINED OF BLOOD.

I THINK THE VAMPIRES GOT PISSED HE REVEALED THE TRUTH ABOUT 'EM, AND THEY AXED HIM.

THESE HORROR GUYS ARE A BUNCH OF SICK BASTARDS...

...ESPECIALLY NILES.

WHAT DID YOU SAY?!

YOU DIS MY BOY, I'M GONNA HAVE TO GET HEAVY ON YOU!

DICKBAG HERE IS SAYIN' CRAP ABOUT STEVE!

AHHH! GET THIS FREAK OFF ME!

MR. YOUNG, MS. STENCH...WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!

YES, COME WITH US, PLEASE.

Whizzer

Whizzer

SORRY ABOUT THAT...

USE THIS TO GET A 10% REFUND ON THE COST OF YOUR BOOTH.

THANKS.

Whizzer

WE UNDERSTAND THE STRESS AND PAIN YOU MUST FEEL AT THE LOSS OF MR. NILES. AND WE APPRECIATE THAT YOU HAVE CHOSEN TO STAY AT THE SHOW.

WE JUST FEEL IT'S BEST TO MAINTAIN A SENSE OF "NORMALCY" FOR THE FANS. *DISRUPTIONS* LIKE THAT ARE BOUND TO *AGITATE* THEM.

Whizzer

Whizzer

YES...A COMIC BOOK CONVENTION IS A PLACE TO *ESCAPE*...TO GET AWAY FROM THE EVILS OF THE REAL WORLD.

WE WOULD NOT WANT TO TAINT THAT IMAGE BY REMINDING PEOPLE OF THE *UNTIMELY DEMISE* OF THE TALENTED MR. NILES.

ALL WE ASK IS THAT YOU GO ABOUT YOUR DAY, AS YOU WOULD IF STEVE WERE HERE.

STEVE WOULD WANT IT THAT WAY.

WE'VE GOT THE POLICE INVESTIGATING RIGHT NOW...

AND WE'RE PLANNING TO ANNOUNCE A CANDLE LIGHT VIGIL FOR STEVE LATER TONIGHT.

SO, GO ABOUT A NORMAL WHIZZER CON DAY.

AND MS. STENCH, I BELIEVE YOU'RE PREMIERING YOUR FILM SOON.

SKOTTIE, I'M SURE YOU HAVE SOME WONDERFUL COMMISSIONS TO DO FOR YOUR FANS.

REMEMBER, DESTROYING THE FANTASY WOULD BE BAD FOR ALL OF US.

GOOD DAY!

THEY'RE TRYIN' TO KEEP IT ON THE DOWN-LOW, HUH?

YEAH, DESPITE THE FACT THAT WE KNOW WHAT THE GUY LOOKS LIKE-

YOU HEARD THAT FREAK FROM YESTERDAY-

HE BASICALLY TOLD STEVE HE WAS GONNA KILL HIM!

WHIZZER WANTS TO MAKE SURE THE FANS KEEP SPENDING MONEY.

SHIT, MAN.

WHAT DO WE DO?

WE HUNT DOWN THE BASTARD WHO KILLED STEVE.

WE DEFILE HIM IN EVERY WAY POSSIBLE...

...AND MAKE HIS GRANDMOTHER WATCH.

HURR... WE MAY BE ABLE TO HELP...

WELL, WITH THE *"FINDING THE KILLER"* ANYWAY.

WE'LL LEAVE THE *"DEFILING IN FRONT OF GRANDMA"* TO YOU GUYS.

SOON

ARE YOU KIDDING ME? A *"SLASHER?"* LIKE *MICHAEL MYERS?* OR THAT FUCKIN' --WHADDAYACALLIT-- *CHUCKIE?*

LOOK, YOUR LIL' DEATH COSTUME IS CUTE...

...AND YOUR BIG BUDDY IS THE BEST "HULK IN A GAS MASK" -OR WHATEVER- I'VE SEEN...

...BUT THIS IS THE *REAL* WORLD! IF YOU WANNA PLAY *"BUFFY"*

I THINK THE ROLE-PLAYING ROOM IS UPSTAIRS.

HURRM... THIS AGAIN.

PREVIEW

SIGH

LOOK, I KNOW HOW IT SOUNDS...AND I COULD BE WRONG...BUT IF YOU WORK WITH ME, I CAN HELP.

I DUNNO MAN *-WHATEVER-* I'M GETTIN OUTTA HERE.

THANKS FOR THE OFFER HUN...IT'S SWEET. BUT, THINK WE'LL JUST LEAVE IT TO THE COPS, OKAY?

OKAY, I GOTTA GO TO MY SHITTY FILM PREMIERE. HOLD DOWN THE FORT, WOULD YA ROBERT?.

SALE

VLAD, STAY HERE WITH HIM...I'M GONNA KEEP AN EYE ON HER.

HURR..I AM CALLED VLAD.

UHHH...HI... I'M ROBERT.

DEATH BY BOOBJOB 2
Staring Messy Stench
Premiere : 2:30
Hosted by Messy Stench

...I THOUGHT DEATH BY BOOBJOB PART ONE WAS JUST AWFUL. I LOVED IT! SO, WHEN SEAN ASKED ME TO BE IN THE SEQUEL, I COULDN'T TURN IT DOWN.

ANY OTHER QUESTIONS?

NONE?

GOOD. NOW YOU ***ASS RAGS***, IT'S TIME TO WATCH THE MOVIE!

ROLL THIS PIECE A' CRAP!

PREVIEW
AWARENESS

DEATH BY BOOBJOB 2

WE WILL CREATE *NEW LIFE--*

WITH NEW *BREASTS!!*

OH NO!

MY PLANS HAVE GONE ASTRAY-- I MUST RUN!

OW!

WHAT THE..?!

AWW... FU--

--uuck.

tee hee hee

"WHUUUU--WHAT IS THAT? SO SMALL... LAUGHS LIKE A-A BABY.

"OH NO-- MESSY...

"GOTTA...MOVE... YELL...SCREAM."

AIIEEEEE!!!

OWW- WHAT THE...

AIIEEEEE!!!

BY BOOBJOB 2
Messy Stench
Premiere : 2:30
Hosted by Messy Stench

...AND THEN CHIPPY SAYS "THAT'S FOR MY ACORNS!" HAHAHA...THAT WAS AN AWESOME ISSUE.

HURR HURR HURR-YES.

CHIPPY. SHE IS LOVABLE. YES.

PREVIEW

BEEP BEP BEEP

EXCUSE ME...

VLAD... COME TO THE THEATER..

MESSY... IS DEAD.

IT'S MESSY, ISN'T IT?! IS SHE DEAD?!

YES. I AM... SORRY.

I'M GOING WITH YOU.

WHAT'S GOING ON?

HURRMMM... THIS CROWD WILL SLOW US DOWN...

I HEARD SOMEONE GOT KILLED IN THE THEATER!

DAMMIT PEOPLE. GET OUTTA THE WAY!

VLAD! THERE'S THE GUY THAT DID IT! HE THREATENED STEVE YESTERDAY!

YOU!

YOU BASTARD! IT WAS YOU THAT KILLED STEVE! AND NOW MESSY TOO! HOW COULD YOU?!

WH-WHAT? I DIDN'T...

I'M GONNA FUCKIN' KILL'...

URK!

WUHHHH... URRR...

ISN'T THAT ROBERT KIRKMAN?

I THINK SO... IS THIS SOME KINDA "WALKING DEAD" PUBLICITY STUNT?

ROBERT?

URRRRRR

MOVE!

ROBERT... HURRR...

YOU KILLED MY FRIEND...

RAAHHH

VLAD- NO!

NO...VLAD, IT WASN'T HIM. IT WAS SOMEONE... SOMETHING... ELSE.

NOW, C'MON...WE GOTTA MOVE... BEFORE...

COPS!

STOP RIGHT THERE!

VLAD--

UMM...I'M GONNA NEED YOU TO CARRY ME.

STOP!

YOU'RE WANTED FOR QUESTIONING!

THERE HE IS!

GRAB HIM.

GOTCHA!

URRRF!

IMMORALITY

GET OFFA ME!

SHIT!

LATER

ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

YEAH...THE HOT WATER IS HELPING MY MUSCLES... WHATEVER THAT LIL' FREAK HIT ME WITH, IT WAS SOME STRONG SHIT.

HOW ABOUT YOU, VLAD?

YOU OKAY?

HURR... YES.

SOMETIMES...

I DO NOT LIKE THAT WE MEET THESE PEOPLE...

AND THEN... THEN THEY DIE.

WHEN I LIVED IN THE BASEMENT-- I KNEW ONLY ONE PERSON...THE OLD MAN.

ONE DAY...HE DIED. BUT AFTER THAT...I KNEW NO ONE ELSE. SO, NO ONE DIED.

HURR... I LIKED IT THAT WAY.

WELL, VLAD...

THAT'S WHY YOU'RE LUCKY TO KNOW ME.

CUZ I'M TOO FUCKING ***MEAN*** TO DIE ANYTIME ***SOON.***

NOW LET'S GO KILL A SLASHER.

ELSEWHERE...

THE DOORS TO THE ***WHIZZER WORLD*** COMICON WERE CLOSED EARLY TODAY...

AFTER TWO MORE ATTENDANTS WERE MURDERED AT THE SHOW...

A VIGIL WILL BE HELD TONIGHT IN THE MAIN HALL OF THE CONVENTION CENTER TO MOURN THE DEATHS OF ***STEVE NILES, ROBERT KIRKMAN,*** AND ***MS...*** AHEM... ***MESSY STENCH.***

ha ha... turn the page.

ha ha— wunderkind wins again.

triumphing over evil... living a dual life...

a little boy, and an adult. a child within a man.

we have done well, lloyd. villains wished to corrupt the purity of wunderkind...to extinguish his great light, and drown him in darkness.

we have stopped three of these four overlords of evil.

the world will be safe when we have destroyed the evil that is...

skottie young!!!

LADIES, GENTLEMEN, I THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING TONIGHT. WE'RE HERE TO CELEBRATE THE LIVES AND WORKS OF THE CREATORS WHO WERE TRAGICALLY LOST THIS WEEKEND.

TO BEGIN WITH, I THINK WE SHOULD HEAR FROM THE MAN WHO KNEW THEM AS CO-WORKERS...

...MR. SKOTTIE YOUNG.

SMITH

THANK YOU...

Whizzer

HI EVERYBODY. *WOW*...YEAH, I DIDN'T THINK THIS IS WHAT I'D BE DOING THIS WEEKEND...

YES...I HOPE YOU CONTINUE TO DO GREAT COMIC BOOK WORK.

YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN, MR. YOUNG.

THANKS...

NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...I'M JUST GONNA GO BACK TO MY ROOM...

OH, OF COURSE.

HEY...REMEMBER ME?

YEAH...THE GOTH KID WHO THINKS ***JASON VOORHEES*** KILLED MY FRIENDS.

LOOK, I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO GET MEAN...SO, JUST GO AWAY.

WHETHER YOU BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THE...PERSON THAT KILLED YOUR FRIENDS IS GOING TO KILL YOU NEXT.

FOR WHATEVER REASON, THIS SLASHER HAS TARGETED YOUR COMIC BOOK COMPANY...

AND HE WILL NOT STOP UNTIL HE'S FINISHED THE JOB. HELP ME, AND I'LL STOP HIM.

WHY SHOULDN'T I JUST GO TO THE COPS? LET THEM PROTECT ME.

BECAUSE THERE'S NO PROTECTION FROM SLASHERS...YOU HAVE TO KILL THEM... SOMETIMES MORE THAN ONCE.

...

ALL RIGHT... HOW DO I HELP YOU?

I NEED YOU TO BE ***SLASHER-BAIT.***

FINE...

BUT I'M NOT SCREAMING.

AND I SURE AS HELL AIN'T TAKING MY CLOTHES OFF.

SOON...

IDW

$500

$ BUCK

TAINMENT

SO, CASSIE...

WHY DOES THIS GUY WANNA KILL US?

JESUS, SKOTTIE...SHUT UP...DON'T SCARE THE SLASHER AWAY.

WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR TWO HOURS... SERIOUSLY, WHY?

WHAT'D WE DO?

I DUNNO... MAYBE HE'S CRAZY.

MAYBE HE'S JEALOUS OF YOUR SUCCESS... OR MAYBE HE THINKS ONE OF YOU TOOK SOMETHING FROM HIM.

OKAY... LET'S TRY ANOTHER BAITING TECHNIQUE.

WHATEVER YOU SAY...I JUST WANNA GO HOME... I'M DONE WITH COMICS, MAN.

GREETING CARDS...THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING NOW... GREETING CARDS.

SKOTTIE...

KISS ME.

GET OFF!

AHH!

OH GOD... I'M... I'M SORRY... I JUST THOUGHT...

SLASHERS ALWAYS SEEM TO RESPOND TO THAT SORT OF THING...

AND, I DUNNO... YOU DON'T SEEM TO LIKE ME...

I THOUGHT MAYBE THIS WOULD MAKE YOU LIKE ME BETTER...

LOOK... CASSIE, I'M SORRY, KID...I'VE GOT A GIRLFRIEND, Y'KNOW... FOR FIVE YEARS! I...

BZMMMM

THAT'S MY PHONE VIBRATING... IT'S VLAD...

HURR... I HAVE MOVEMENT AT THE SIDE DOOR...

CHECK IT OUT...I'LL STAY WITH SKOTTIE.

REMEMBER WHAT I SAID... HE MIGHT BE REALLY SMALL... KID-SIZED...

C'MON.

DID YOU SAY 'KID-SIZED'?!

HEH HEH.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

AHHH! OH GOD!

Whizzer

OH GOD...

IT'S YOU...

THE COMICON KILLER...

I'M SORRY... I WAS JUST GONNA TAKE A FEW THINGS...

Whizzer

AAAAA-

SPLUTCH

HURR?!

Whizzer

URRRR...

RAAAHH!

SPTOO

RAAAHH!

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT!?

VLAD!

WHAT TH-?

CASSIE... I GOT SOME-THING MOVING HERE...

HOLY!

AAAAH!

young! the villain they call "the penciler"!

OFF!

whuf!

HOLY FUCK! IT'S A KILLER BABY!

SNOK

eeeee! lloyd! help!

YAH!

SNAK!

LLOYD?

AHH, JESUS.

JIMMY! JIMMY! YOU OKAY?

ahuh-- it hurts, lloyd.

OH GOD!

THAT'S RIGHT JIMMY... GO WHERE IT'S SAFE.

NOW, JUST LIKE JIMMY SAYS, YOU'RE THE LAST ONE OF THE SUPERVILLAINS WE HAVE TO KILL FOR WUNDERKIND.

YOU CAN'T BE ALLOWED TO CORRUPT HIM.

WE LOVE WUNDERKIND, JIMMY AND I.

HE WAS LIKE US...A CHILD WITHIN A MAN.

EXCEPT WE WERE BORN THAT WAY, AND EVERYONE HATED US.

PUT SKOTTIE DOWN, LLOYD.

don't listen to her lloyd! she's weak. kill young, and we'll have her all to ourselves!

YESSS...

I'M SORRY, LLOYD.

KABLAM!!!

OH FUCK!

SKOTTIE...

I NEED YOU TO GET OUT OF THERE NOW...

JIMMY IS STILL IN--

GHA!

rahh!

KPAK!

lloyd was a good brother! he did what i asked when things needed to be done!

we had a sister once... a female, like you.

she got too much of our parents' love.

lloyd showed her our... displeasure.

UCK!

URR...YOU... HAVE BEEN... A BAD BOY!

hrrruuuh!

TIME FOR YOUR... SPANKINGS.

THIS IS FOR MESSY AND STEVE NILES!

SPLUK

THIS IS FOR ROBERT!

SPLUK

AND THIS ONE...

SPLUK

...IS FOR MY ACORNS!

SPLOOCH

HURR HURR HURR

HOLY SHIT!

VLAD?

MY GOD... HE SHOT YOU WITH LIKE TEN DARTS!

YES... I TINGLE.

OH MY GOD... YOU GUYS SAVED MY LIFE. SERIOUSLY, YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW HAPPY I AM NOT TO DIE AT THE HANDS OF A MUTANT FETUS...

ANYTHING I CAN DO..!

NOW HOLD ON THERE, COWBOY...

YOU'VE GOT A GIRLFRIEND, REMEMBER.

EVERYBODY FREEZE!

SECURITY!

VLAD, CASS...I...

HUH?

JESUS CHRIST! WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED HERE?!

I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!

WELL, ALMOST EVERYTHING...

"I DON'T GET IT."

WHAT IS WRONG? I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE HAPPY...

YOU WILL NOT HAVE TO STAB PILLOWS FOR A FEW WEEKS, YES?

NO...NO. IT JUST...IT DOESN'T SEEM TO TAKE MUCH TO PUSH SOME PEOPLE OVER THE EDGE. A BAD DAY AT WORK, GETTING STUCK IN TRAFFIC... SOMEONE CHANGES YOUR FAVORITE COMIC BOOK CHARACTER.

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN SO AFRAID OF COMING BACK...LIKE ALL THOSE OTHER SLASHERS WE'VE KILLED.

BUT, IF I LOSE IT...GO OVER THE EDGE WHILE I'M STILL ALIVE...

I WANT YOU TO BE THE THE ONE THAT TAKES ME DOWN.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

TWO MONTHS LATER.

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT CHUCK, I'M GIVING YOU BOYS AT WHIZZER THE INSIDE SCOOP ON MY LATEST PROJECT.

NO, IT'S A NEW GUY. NEVER PUBLISHED BEFORE. GOOD WRITER THOUGH...NAMED *JERRY HANNA.*

NAH...IT'S AN OLD CHARACTER...WE'RE GONNA KINDA THROW A NEW, DARK ANGLE ON HER...INTRODUCE HER TO A WHOLE NEW, MATURE AUDIENCE.

CHIPPY

THE SLASHER SLAYER

YUP, YA HEARD IT HERE FIRST...

KISSII

YOUNG BUCK IS BACK, BABY!

THE END

HACK/SLASH

VS. EVIL ERNIE

SOMEWHERE IN NEW JERSEY.

TAILS OF WONDER

... AND PLEASE MAKE SURE TO TIP YOUR BARTENDERS AND WAITRESSES.

NOW, FELLAS...

IT'S THE MOMENT YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR. SHE'S THE WINNER OF THIS YEAR'S "MS. NUDE JERSEY"...

...AND VOTED "MOST LIKELY TO NEED A CHIROPRACTOR!"

FELLAS, LET'S GIVE IT UP FOR THE ONE, THE ONLY...

...OPHEELLIA!

WHADDA YA THINK, BOSS?

YEAH,... SHE'S PERFECT.

HEY BABY, LET'S GO BACK TO MY PLACE.

GREAT WORK OUT THERE TONIGHT, BABY...YA WANNA HEAD BACK TO MY PLACE FOR SOME CHAMPAGNE AND *COUCH*?

IN YOUR DREAMS, CREEP.

LOOK, I SAID NO, YOU...

oh... god...

GIVE ERNIE SOME LOVE...

WE HAVE A POSSIBLE MURDER AT THE *TAILS OF WONDER* STRIP CLUB...

REQUESTING ASSISTANCE... SKRRSH...

PIECE-A-#$%@... WE NEED A *NEW* POLICE RADIO.

WHAT IS A STRIP CLUB?

JESUS, VLAD, YOU'D THINK YOU'D BEEN LIVING IN A *BASEMENT* FOR TWENTY YEARS.

I WAS.

I KNOW... THAT WAS A JOKE.

OH.

A STRIP CLUB IS WHERE MEN PAY MONEY TO SEE WOMEN PRANCE AROUND NAKED.

HRRM...

AND THIS IS HOW PEOPLE FIND LOVE.

I SEE.

UHM...NOT EXACTLY. I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT FINDING LOVE...

...BUT I DON'T THINK GOING TO THE *TITTY BAR* IS THE IDEAL WAY TO FIND TRUE ROMANCE. BUT, HEY, WHAT DO I KNOW?

HURR...

I BELIEVE THIS IS THE PLACE.

OKAY, BIG GUY--STEALTH MODE. PARK THE VAN UP THE ROAD AND TURN OUT THE LIGHTS...

I'M GONNA MAKE LIKE A SQUIRREL AND SNEAK THROUGH THE WOODS... FIND OUT WHAT OUR COP BUDDIES KNOW.

HURR...AND WHAT IF YOU ENCOUNTER THE SLASHER?

I DON'T THINK HE'S STILL IN THE AREA.

THIS GUY EITHER KIDNAPS THE LADIES, OR KILLS THEM & TAKES THEM SOMEWHERE ELSE... THIS IS NUMBER SIX... WE NEED TO ACE HIM BEFORE HE GETS TO *SEVEN*.

TIME TO LOOK FOR SOMETHING I *DO* KNOW ABOUT...

WHATCHA THINK, JIM?

DEFINITELY FITS OUR GUY'S M.O....ALWAYS GOES AFTER BIG BREASTED BLONDES.

SO HE'S GOT GOOD TASTE.

HUH?

NOTHIN'.

- I DUNNO... BEING THIS CLOSE TO **CLEARVIEW**, YOU GOTTA WONDER IF MAYBE ONE OF THEIR **CRAZIES** GOT OUT.

WE CHECKED THAT ANGLE WHEN WE LOST THE THIRD ONE... ALL THEIR NUT JOBS ARE ACCOUNTED FOR.

CLOSE OFF THE AREA, QUESTION EVERYONE IN THE CLUB, AND CHECK THROUGH THAT WOODS...

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE ANYMORE BIG BREASTED BLONDES.

THAT'S MY CUE TO LEAVE...

WHAT THE... ?

THE FAIRCHILD SAW MILL
ABANDONED SINCE 1992

OH YEAH ! DO IT, BABY !

THAT'S RIGHT ! TASTE IT ! YOU DIRTY GIRL !

YEAH, YOU EAT THAT PICKLED HORSE PENIS !

SMILEY ! SHUT IT, MAN !

SORRY BOSS... JUST KINDA BORED, WITH THE, Y'KNOW, LACK OF MEGADEATH AND ALL....

C'MON, LOVER, YOU KILLED ME AND BROUGHT ME BACK AS YOUR ZOMBIE LOVE SLAVE. I'M A ***DEAD ONE***...I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT ME TO...

YOU BROUGHT ME OUT TO THIS **SAW MILL**, HANDSOME...

...NOW WHY DONCHA' GIVE ME SOME ***WOOD?***

HUBBA HUBBA !

ERNIE?

I WOULDN'T TAKE IT TOO PERSONAL, TOOTS...THE BOSS DOES THIS ALL THE TIME...MAYBE YOU CAN'T TELL FROM THE HAIR AND THE OUTFIT... BUT THE BOSS LIKES TO LIVE IN THE PAST...

THE BOSS GREW UP NOT TOO FAR FROM HERE IN ONE O' THEM PLEASANT LIL' SUBURBAN TOWNS THAT ALWAYS HIDE A DARK SECRET.

IN THIS PARTICULAR HELLHOLE, IT WASN'T NO SECRET. THE FAIRCHILDS, OWNERS OF THE LOCAL SAW MILL THAT KEPT THE TOWN EMPLOYED, LIKED TO BEAT THEIR SON LIKE A BONGO DRUM. AND EVERYBODY KNEW IT.

AND THE BOSS, WHO HAD THESE PSYCHIC POWERS, KNEW THEY KNEW IT. HE COULD HEAR 'EM TALKING, BUT THEY NEVER LIFTED A FINGER TO HELP, THE BASTARDS.

SO THE CHIEF DID WHAT HAD TO BE DONE... HE SMASHED MA AND PA'S SKULLS IN. HE HAD TO KILL THE PEOPLE WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO LOVE 'IM.

But the boss DID find someone to love him... Death herself. She told him she'd love him forever...all he had to do was kill everyone on Earth. Mega-frickin' Death bay-be!

Some smarty-pants scientists at the Clearview Mental Institution decided to try to cure the boss' "mental disorder" with a lil' something called Neurotech. But, what they didn't know, is that Death had another plan for my boy.

The neurotech went haywire, and brought the boss back as a rockin', asskickin', dead controllin' psychopath, with one mission: kill some stuff.

And kill stuff he did...Pretty soon the boss had taken over half the damn country with his army o' loyal dead onez. We wuz on top o' the frickin' world, and it wuz all fer love.

sure, there wuz a few who tried to stop us, but we always laid the smack down on their butts.

but it's like they say, all good things come to an end...and me and the boss died..again...

and we came back...but this time it was different...we wuz somewhere else...it wasn't the world we'd made our bitch. it was the same place, but they'd never heard of us, man.

and the boss..well, he'd lost the love of his life... she didn't exist in this place.. the girl he'd done everything for... she might as well have been a wank fantasy...

And here we is a couple o' years later... the boss spends a lot less time killin', and a lot more on trying to replace his lost love...

which is why you're here, toots. Boss' been through five other ones...

OH, YOU POOR DARLING...

C'MON, ERNIE...HOW ABOUT A LAP DANCE...

I'LL MAKE YOU FORGET ALL ABOUT THAT OTHER WOMAN.

NO.

AHHHHH!

SHRIP!

NOoo!

JIMMINY CHRISTMAS, EVIL... I JUST FINISHED TELLIN' HER YER WHOLE ORIGIN STORY! SHE SEEMED LIKE A NICE GIRL! AND THEM CANS!

THIS AIN'T THE WAY TO FIND LOVE SMILEY.

BUT I GOTTA FIND IT SOON...

...CUZ I DON'T WANNA LIVE WITHOUT IT.

THE TRAIL ENDS HERE, BUCKO... WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

HMM... PERHAPS THERE?

WORKS FOR ME.

SOME KINDA SAW MILL OR SOMETHING...

WHAT DO YOU THINK WE'LL GET THIS TIME? A ***LUMBERJACK*** THEMED SLASHER? WITH A BIG AXE AND A BLOODY PLAID SHIRT?

HUR HUR...

HURRRAAAH!!!

OH.

WHAT IS IT, BOSS?

THE DEAD ONEZ...

WE HAVE VISITORS.

THESE ARE THE VICTIMS, YES?

YEAH! HAVE THEY GONE NUTS?!

I BELIEVE IT MAY BE WORSE THAN THAT.

SWOK!!

ZOMBIES.

SQUIK!

@ %*#! UNDEAD CATS WAS BAD ENOUGH, BUT UNDEAD BLONDES!?

SWISH

SORRY MISS.

GODDAMIT... I KEEP GETTING THIS ONE'S BOOBS IN MY FACE...

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

NICE SHOOTING.

OH, SHUT UR

MY DEAD ONEZ...

NOBODY KILLS MY DEAD ONEZ...

DEAD ONEZ ARE MY FRIENDSSSSS.

YEAH, WELL YOU'RE GONNA BE JOININ' YOUR FRIENDS REAL QUICK, YOU *IRON MAIDEN* LOOKIN' MOTHER--

OOOF!

SWOK

FWAAA-- HOLY..HE'S FAST...

=KOFF=

=KOFF=

WHAK!

YEAH! MOMMA SAID KNOCK YOU OUT!

RRRRRAAAH!

GIMME A BREAK, MAN.

KRUNK!

DAMN BOSS, YOU SHOULDA PLAYED WITH 'EM MORE...THAT WAS THE MOST FUN WE HAD IN YEARS!

WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE GIRLY?

I'M HERE... TO... &*%# YOU UP...

FIND THE KILLER.

KILL THE KILLER.

FIND SOMEONE TO LOVE ME.

HUH?

YOUR MIND'S CALLIN' OUT TO ME, GIRLY... WHAT DO YOU GOT IN THERE?

smoosh her face, Evil!

FIRST I'M GONNA TAKE A LOOK IN HER HEAD.

AHHH! GET OUTTA MY MIND..

YOU'RE LIKE ME.

DIFFERENT SIDES...SAME COIN.

I....

I LOVE YOU.

GET AWAY FROM ME! GET AWAY!

NO... YOU'RE WHAT I NEED...

WE CAN LOVE EACH OTHER... YOU UNDERSTAND.

UHH... EVIL?

SHINK!!

GET AWAY FROM HER.

GAH!

NO... VLAD...

WE MUST LEAVE.

AH, GOOD OL' ARCANE ENERGY. GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YA!

I NEED HER.

WHAT YOU NEED BOSS, IS ME. MAKE SURE I DON'T FALL OFF, CUZ THAT BIG GALOOT WITH THE KNIVES WOULDA HAD YA IF I WASN'T HERE TO FIX YA.

I NEED HER.

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

WE'RE GOING TO THE VAN, AND GETTING AWAY FROM HERE.

BUT... ERNIE....

ERNIE'S COMIN', BABY.

NO...

CAN'T ESCAPE ME.

CAN'T RUN FAR ENOUGH.

CAN'T TAKE LOVE AWAY FROM ERNIE AGAIN.

HUR...
HUR...
HUR...
HE'S STILL COMING.
I KNOW...
GIVE HER TO ME.
RAAAAHHH!
SKRUNCH!
IF YOU THINK I WILL GIVE HER TO YOU...
...YOU ARE MISTAKEN.
CHOP!

Damn, boss! you reALLY got it in for this chick!

SKREEEEE

VROOOM

EEEECH!

NO! SHE'S MINE!

SHE'S MIINNEEE!!

THE BACK OF THE VAN.

GET OUT HERE, CASSANDRA! YOU LET ME FINISH PUTTIN' ON THAT MAKEUP! YOU WANT **BOYS** TO LIKE YOU DON'T YOU?!

YOU DON'T WANT THEM TO LEAVE YOU LIKE YOUR FATHER LEFT ME, DO YOU? I DON'T WANT YOU TO FEEL THAT PAIN, CASSANDRA...

...BUT YOU HAVE TO BE PUNISHED FOR NOT LISTENIN' TO MOMMA.

DON' MAKE ME TAKE THE IRON TO YOU AGAIN, CASSANDRA.

SSSS

MOMMA?

THIS WON'T HURT A BIT, MS. HACK... AFTER THIS *DREAM PROBE TREATMENT,* YOU'LL BE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL AGAIN.

HELLO?

WHERE AM I?

POOR LITTLE CASSANDRA. NO ONE TO LOVE YOU. NO DADDY..NO MOMMY. NO MAN OR WOMAN WILL EVER LOVE YOU.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO LOVE YOU FOREVER?

YOU'RE IN THE ENDLESS GRAVEYARD, CASSANDRA, IN A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM...AND I'M YOUR FRIEND.. *LORD DEATH.*

YOUR MACHINE DIDN'T CURE HER ALL THOSE YEARS AGO, PRICE... LET ME TRY THE ***NEUROTECH***.

GODDAMNIT... YOU CAN'T CURE HER. HACK IS A ***MONSTER!***

AAAAAAAHHH

DAMNIT, MARY... SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH THE MACHINE!

OH GOD... SHE'S STILL ALIVE...

NOOO...

YESS... CASSIE IS HERE TO KILLL...

...FOR LOVE!!!

AAAAAGH!

OH GOD...

ARE YOU OKAY, CASSANDRA?

NO... NO...

ERNIE... HE WENT IN MY MIND, VLAD...HE SAW EVERY SINGLE THING ABOUT ME... MY WHOLE LIFE.

AND HE...

HE *LOVED* ME FOR IT.

YES..BUT HE IS A BAD MAN... A SLASHER.

THAT'S NOT THE POINT, VLAD!

HOW MANY PEOPLE GO THROUGH THEIR ENTIRE *GODDAMN* LIVES LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO LOVE THEM FOR WHO THEY ARE, AND NEVER FIND IT?

I FIND IT... AND IT'S FROM SOME MURDERING, UNDEAD PSYCHOPATH. YOU THINK I'LL EVER FIND ANYONE WHO WILL LOVE ME AGAIN?

MY *FATHER* LEFT ME, MY *MOTHER* LEFT ME.

AND NOW I HAVE TO KILL THE ONE PERSON WHO KNOWS ME.

THE ONE PERSON WHO LOVES ME.

BUT... I LOVE YOU.

DO YOU?! OR IS IT JUST THAT I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO PUTS UP WITH YOUR BIG *FREAKY* ASS? IS THAT IT?!

OR DO YOU JUST WANT TO %#$# ME?! ISN'T THAT WHAT GUYS WANT?! ARE YOU ANY *DIFFERENT*, VLAD?!

VLAD... I'M... I'M SORRY....

YES....

=ahuh=

=ahuh=

=huh=

I'M SO SORRY...

I KNOW.

CLEARVIEW MENTAL INSTITUTION.

AHH, HOME SWEET HOME, EH, BOSS?

SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT.

SO UH, EVIL... WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE AGAIN?

CASSIE DEDICATED HER LIFE TO STOPPING KILLERS AND CRAZIES...

I'M GONNA DESTROY ALL THE BAD ONES FOR HER...

WHAKOOM

HOLD IT, FREAK!!

POK POK POK POK POK

SHUK

AN' I'M GONNA START RIGHT HERE...

CALLING ALL UNITS, BACK-UP NEEDED AT CLEARVIEW MENTAL INSTITUTION...

THAT SOUNDS LIKE HIM...

THAT IS HIM.

OH GOD. HE'S DOING THIS FOR ME.

MAXIMUM SECURITY WIN

YEAH... MAXIMUM SECURITY.

THIS IS WHERE THEY KEEP THE REAL EVIL PSYCHOS.

FELLAS after MY own Heart.

YOU... WHAT'S YOUR NAME?...WHY ARE YA HERE?

LIONEL DWIGHT BARRY... ATE THE FLESH OF MY VICTIMS... THEY HELPED ME SEE **GOD.**

KRASH!

PERFECT.

ERNIE!

CASSIE... UH... HI... UHM...I WAS JUST...

I'M KILLING THESE BAD PEOPLE FOR YOU.

ERNIE... YOU HAVE TO STOP.

LIKE WE WERE.

WHA...? WHY?

I WANTED TO DO SOMETHING FOR YOU. AIN'T THIS WHAT YOU WANT?

IF ALL THE BAD PEOPLE ARE DEAD, THERE WON'T BE ANYONE TO HURT THE INNOCENT ONES...

I WANNA MAKE YOU MY QUEEN... I WANT YOUR LOVE, CASSIE... NOTHIN' ELSE...

YOU GOTTA GIVE IT TO ME.

URK!

boss!

WHAP!

YOU SPEAK OF LOVE. BUT YOU CAN GIVE ONLY DEATH.

VRRRRRRUUUUU

VRRRRRRUUUUU

YOU ARE A SAD CREATURE.

SKRIITCH

WHATEVER, MAN.

WHOMPH!

I'VE FOUGHT GUYS BIGGER'N YOU, AND TOUGHER N' YOU...

AN' THE ONLY REASON I AIN'T TEARIN' OFF YOUR LIMBS IS CUZ CASSIE LIKES YOUR UGLY ASS FOR SOME REASON.

tell im, EVIL!

WHUUHHH...

HURR... WHILE I HAVE MADE NO SUCH PROMISES.

RRRROUUUMM

DEAD ONEZ!!

YESSS!

AH, FORGET IT. WHEN I MAKE HER QUEEN O' THE DEAD, SHE'LL FORGIVE ME IN A COUPLE O' YEARS...

NOOo!

WOK

YAAH!

AHH!

CASSIE... WHATTA YOU DOIN'?

AHH!

LEAVE VLAD ALONE!

AH, FORGET HIM. JUST BE WITH ME, CAS.. JUST THINK...I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT...KILL ANYBODY YOU WANT...

ALL THE BAD PEOPLE.

NO MORE SLASHERS.

NO MORE ABUSIVE PARENTS.

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!

AHH! JESUS CHRIST!!

KABLAM

KABLAM KABLAM

CANCHA SEE I'M BUSY HERE!?

Aaah!

SLITCH

KABLAM

CASSIE?!

NOW WHERE WERE WE?

CASS?

OWWWW.., MY STOMACH... HURTS..,

CASSIE!

CASSIE...

AHUH... VLAD... I THINK THAT COP SHOT ME...

OH...THAT... HURTS....

GET AWAY FROM HER!

I KNOW...I DIDN'T SAY IT... WHEN I SHOULD HAVE...BUT..YOU KNOW...

I... I...

...

RRRRAAA!

Man, that is one pissed off retard.

KRAK!

AH, forget her boss...she ain't that great anyway.

Lil' SMALL in the Lungs.

YEAH...

HeHeH...I say bring her back as a Dead one.

Make her kill her big UGLY buDDY.

YESSS... BRING HER BACK.

UHH...boss... what are ya doin??

EEEVIL! We ain't got enough energy to bring someone ALL the way back...

YOU'LL KILL USSSSS...

LOVE... IS DEATH.

HURRR...

WHAT...?

UNNGH...

CASSANDRA!

VLAD... GET ME OUTTA THIS CRAZY PLACE...

LATER...

JESUS, MAN... WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED IN THERE?

I DUNNO... AND I DON'T EVER WANNA KNOW.

ANY SURVIVORS? DID WE FIND OUR KILLER?

I'M NOT SURE IF THIS IS YOUR KILLER... WELL, I'M NOT SURE *WHAT* THIS IS...

...BUT WHOEVER HE IS, HE DIED *HAPPY.*

JESUS...I DUNNO WHAT IT IS ABOUT DYING AND GETTING BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE...

BUT THIS IS THE **BEST DAMN BOLOGNA** SANDWICH I HAVE EVER TASTED.

HURR HURR

I WAS VERY...

...AFRAID WHEN I THOUGHT I MIGHT LOSE YOU.

I WISH I COULD SAY I SAW A TUNNEL OF LIGHT... OR ANGELS...SOMETHING TO MAKE ME BELIEVE THERE'S SOMETHING AFTER LIFE BESIDES COMING BACK TO KILL HALF-CLOTHED TEENAGERS.

NOTHING.

ON THE OTHER HAND, I SUDDENLY REALLY APPRECIATE WHAT I'VE GOT IN LIFE.

YOU MOST OF ALL, VLAD.

YUMMM.

C'MON, V... LET'S GO INDULGE IN SOME PLEASURES OF THE FLESH.

HURR?

LATER...

TAILS OF WONDER

AND THIS, VLAD, TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION...

... IS A STRIP CLUB.

HAHA... A SPIRITED GIRL...

I CAN ALMOST SEE WHY YOU'D DIE FOR HER.

"THE HUNGER FOR LOVE IS MUCH MORE DIFFICULT TO REMOVE THAN THE HUNGER FOR BREAD."

DO YOU KNOW WHO SAID THAT, ERNEST?

MOTHER TERESA. DON'T SEE A LOT OF HER AROUND *HERE*. BUT, I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND THE SENTIMENT.

WORK WITH ME, ERNEST...

...AND I WILL HELP YOU **SATE** THAT HUNGER.

the end.

HACK/SLASH

LAND OF LOST TOYS

HA HAHA HAH

HA HA HA HA HA HA

?

MY PRETTY HORSIES!!©

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NURRR

NURRR

NURRR

CASSIE HACK & VLAD IN

HACK/SLASH

THE LAND OF LOST TOYS

IT'S 5:00 ON A MONDAY MORNING. I *SHOULD* STILL BE SLEEPING, CUDDLED IN SOME PINK-SHEETED BED, HAVING STRESS *DREAMS* ABOUT MY NEW SUMMER WAITRESSING JOB AT OLD COUNTRY BUFFET...

UNTIL THAT GIVES AWAY TO A JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE/BRAD PITT *THREE WAY,* AND I SLEEP SOUNDLY UNTIL I GET UP TO ENJOY MY *DAY OFF.*

NO, TODAY IS *MEMORIAL DAY* IN BARBOURVILLE, KENTUCKY.

AND, *I* HAVE TO *WORK.*

THIS IS THE ONE.

HURRR...WE SHOULD FIND SHOWERS. I AM BEGINNING TO SMELL LIKE SPOILED BEEF.

SIGH. YOU CERTAINLY ARE NO JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE.

THANK YOU.

EVERY MEMORIAL DAY, THE VENGEFUL CORPSE OF ***SGT. RYAN KRAMER*** RISES FROM HIS GRAVE.

ANGRY OVER HIS ACCIDENTAL DEATH IN A WORLD WAR II ***REENACTMENT,*** KRAMER STALKS THE ***TOURISTS*** WHO COME TO BARBOURVILLE TO VIEW IT.

KRAMER

RYAN KRAMER
SERGEANT
US ARMY
1947 - 1977
A PATRIOTIC MAN

NOT THIS YEAR.

Deet Doot Deeee

YEAH? OH, HEY *LISA.* GOOD TO HEAR FROM YOU. OH YEAH? HEH.

...OH...UM, LISA... GIVE ME A *SECOND*... I WON'T BE ABLE TO HEAR YA...

WHAKOOM

SORRY ABOUT THAT... YOU WERE SAYIN'?

HMM. YEAH...THAT *IS* INTERESTING.

PLUNK!

YEAH... WE'LL CHECK IT OUT.

MT. HEALTHY, OHIO.

JASON! HEY!!! JASON!

JASON!!

EARTH TO FRIGGIN' JAY.

WHA?

JESUS, MAN... YOU IGNORE ME LIKE I'M YOUR *WIFE.* I ASKED IF YOU *BORROWED* MY DVD OF *"HAIRY PUDDER AND THE HALF-BLOOD SLUT?"*

HEH, NO MY FRIEND... I TRY TO EXERT MY ENERGY TALKING TO *REAL WOMEN.*

OH, WHATEVER. *IM-ING* SOME CHICK IN INDIANA ABOUT *SERIAL KILLERS* DOES NOT COUNT AS "TALKING TO REAL WOMEN."

WELL, LOOKS LIKE TODAY'S HEADLINE'LL WILL PROVIDE MORE 'SWEET NOTHINGS' TO WHISPER INTO YOUR LADY'S EAR. I'M HEADIN' UPSTAIRS TO SEE IF I CAN CATCH YOUR MOM DOING HER *TAE-BO...*

...OH *YEAH.*

LATER.

Mt. Healthy Times

LATEST SLEEP DEATH BRINGS TOTAL TO 9.

A STRANGE NAME... MT. HEALTHY.

Welcome To Mt. Healthy

...din 181...

YEAH, IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT BEING THE ONLY TOWN IN THE AREA TO ESCAPE A *CHOLERA* EPIDEMIC. LIKE THEY WERE BRAGGING THAT THEY STILL HAD SOLID SHITS.

THIS JASON-GUY'S BLOG IS FULL OF USEFUL INFO LIKE THAT.

JASON?

INTERPOL

TRAUMA

YEAH...*JASON MICHAELS.* HE'S SOME DUDE WHO LIVES HERE. HE KEEPS THIS BLOG ABOUT THE CITY AND THE STRANGE OCCURRENCES HERE... WEIRD MURDERS, STUFF LIKE THAT.

OUR OLD FRIEND *LISA ELSTEN* KEEPS A BLOG TOO...TALKING ABOUT HER LIL' SLASHER ENCOUNTER.*

I GUESS THEY FOUND EACH OTHER THAT WAY. THEY SHARED NOTES, AND VOILA, LISA CALLS US IN TO CHECK OUT THIS GUY'S STORY.

* SEE HACK/SLASH: EUTHANIZED

PERHAPS WE SHOULD GET A WEBSITE... WEKILLYOURSLASHER.COM. YES?

WE TELL PEOPLE ABOUT SLASHERS.

HOW TO FIND US.

ALSO. CARTOONS OF CHIPPY THE SLASHER SLAYER.

SIGH. C'MON.

IT'LL BE NICE TO TALK TO SOMEONE WHO ISN'T SUCH A *DORK.*

JAAAY-SON! YOUR... UH... FRIENDS ARE HERE.

ARE YOU TWO *TOY-COLLECTING* FRIENDS OF JASON'S?

HURR. TOYS. YES.

...

HEY, VLAD, RIGHT? COME ON IN. MY ROOM'S DOWNSTAIRS THIS WAY...

SO, UH, YOU'RE THE *SLASHER OF SLASHERS*, HUH? UM, YOU WANT A DRINK?

NO... WE'RE FINE. THANKS.

YOU HAVE SO MANY TOYS. HURR HURR.

THAT WAS YOUR... *MOM?*

YEAH, I FIGURED Y'KNOW, *FREE* RENT AND DINNER. WHY LEAVE, RIGHT?

JUST SAVE UP SOME MONEY... LIVE THE *HIGH LIFE..*

WELL, *HELLO.*

YOU TAKING SOME INTERNET BUDDIES OVER TO *CINCINASTY?* WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?

I KNOW THE PERFECT CLUB FOR THIS PRETTY LADY...

CHRIS. HERE. *GO.*

YOU DICK... YOU *DID HAVE* IT.

SORRY... HE DOESN'T SEE A LOT OF WOMEN.

ANYWAY, I'VE BEEN SORT OF *UNEMPLOYED* LATELY, SO I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A *PASSION* OF MINE...

I'M A DETECTIVE, I GUESS YOU COULD SAY... I RESEARCH THINGS THAT FALL BETWEEN THE *CRACKS...* AND MAKE CONNECTIONS.

THESE CONNECTIONS CAN LEAD TO *UNEXPECTED* PLACES. *UNNATURAL PLACES.* I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON HERE THAT NEEDS YOUR *SPECIAL* ATTENTION.

HM... WELL... SAYS HERE, THESE *NINE* KIDS DIED IN THEIR *SLEEP.* ANEURYSMS?...

YEAH, RIGHT. THAT'S WHAT *THEY* SAY. THEY SAY THEY'RE LOOKING INTO POSSIBLE HIGH LEVELS OF RADON, OR THAT THERE MAY BE SOMETHING IN THE WATER. THAT'S WHAT *THEY SAY.* BUT, I THINK IT'S *SOMETHING* ELSE. I THINK IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO...

...WITH *THE GUTHRIE MURDERS.*

THE GUTHRIE'S WERE THE LOCAL VALIDATION THAT THE AMERICAN DREAM WAS ***ATTAINABLE.*** EVAN WAS A LAWYER, SUZANNE WAS AN ACCOUNTANT, AND THEY HAD TWO PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL SONS, ASHLEY AND LUCAS.

THERE'S THIS LONG-STANDING ARGUMENT OF NATURE VS. NURTURE... Y'KNOW, WHETHER YOU CAN JUST BE ***BORN*** BAD. ***ASHLEY GUTHRIE...*** HE JUST CAME OUT ***WRONG.***

HE WAS EXTREMELY ***POSSESSIVE*** OF HIS THINGS...PARENTS STOPPED BRINGING THEIR KIDS AROUND, BECAUSE THEIR KIDS ALWAYS CAME HOME ***CRYING.***

THERE'S ONE STORY WHERE ASH ***KILLED*** A LITTER OF HIS CAT'S KITTEN'S BECAUSE THEY WERE KEEPING HIM FROM PLAYING WITH ***HER.***

HAVING THIS ***DIFFICULT KID...*** IT WAS TOUGH ON THE GUTHRIE'S. THEIR MARRIAGE STARTED TO ***FRAY...***

...AND, THEN ONE DAY, EVERYTHING GOES TO ***HELL.***

ONE DAY, THE POLICE GET THIS CALL FROM MR. GUTHRIE. APPARENTLY HE JUST SNAPPED.... HE BLUDGEONED LUCAS, AND THEN HE WALKED UPSTAIRS TO WHERE ASHLEY WAS SLEEPING, AND *SUFFOCATED* HIM IN HIS SLEEP.

THE NEWS GETS OUT, AND WE HAVE A REGULAR JONBENET RAMSEY CASE ON OUR HANDS. A MEDIA CIRCUS. PARENTS KILL A COUPLE OF BEAUTIFUL WHITE KIDS AND IT'S GREAT EVENING NEWS, RIGHT?

MR. GUTHRIE COULDN'T HANDLE IT... HE HUNG HIMSELF IN HIS PRISON CELL.

AND MS. GUTHRIE, THE PAIN OF LOSING HER WHOLE FAMILY SORT OF TOOK HER APART. SHE'S AT ST. LUKE'S NOW, POPPING PERCOSETS, AND WONDERING WHAT HAPPENED TO HER PERFECT WORLD.

WHICH LEADS US TO *ANOTHER* SLEEP-DEATH LAST NIGHT...

...YOU *SEE* WHAT I'M GETTING AT HERE, *RIGHT?*

NO...

...NOT AT *ALL.*

ASHLEY GUTHRIE DIED IN HIS *SLEEP!* MR. GUTHRIE SUFFOCATED ASHLEY AND THEN TOOK HIS OWN LIFE! THESE CHILDREN ARE DYING IN THEIR *SLEEP!*

40ozComics

EVAN GUTHRIE IS SOME KIND OF *SLEEP-SLASHER!!!*

BWA HA HAHAHAH!

JAY... JAY...MAN... THE SCOOBY GANG AIN'T GOT *NOTHIN'* ON YOU.

I KNOW YOU REALLY WANT TO RESIST JOINING THE *REAL WORLD*, BUT, I DON'T KNOW IF THIS IS THE BEST WAY TO AVOID IT.

EÑORS NOW.

TAINTOR!

SERIOUSLY... A SLEEP-SLASHER?

IT DOES SOUND... *CRAZY.* BUT, A GUY NAMED *ERNIE* BROUGHT ME BACK FROM THE *DEAD* LAST WEEK, SO ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE.

I WANT TO HELP... BUT I'M NOT SURE HOW WE HUNT THIS GUY. WE'RE USED TO MORE *"PHYSICAL"* THREATS.

YES. PHYSICAL. EASY TO STAB WITH A MACHETE.

WE'RE GONNA GO CHECK INTO A *HOTEL* NEARBY, GET SHOWERS AND...

I SMELL OF SPOILED MEAT.

I *DO* BELIEVE YOU JASON.

AND, WHATEVER YOUR FRIEND SAYS, REMEMBER, HE LIVES IN YOUR PARENT'S *LAUNDRY ROOM.*

40 oz COMICS

BUYER'S JEN

TOYFAIR

KUNG FU GRIP JOSE GARIBALDI

THANKS.

I MEAN, FOR *LISTENING*...

HEY... UHM, VLAD.

YOU CAN *HAVE* THIS.

YEAH... I HAVE ANOTHER ONE, AND THAT ONE'S *MINT* ON *CARD*...

YES?

THANK YOU. WE WILL SEE YOU SOON. YES?

MAN, YOU MEET SOME *WEIRD BITCHES* ON THE *INTERNET*.

I THINK SHE *WANTS* ME.

MUCH BETTER.

WEEKLY RATES LOW

BUCKEYE MOTEL

YEAH, WELL *SAVOR* THAT "CLEAN AS A WHISTLE" FEELING.

WE'RE JUST ABOUT OUT OF CASH.

I DON'T LIKE THIS. THESE KIDS *DEFINITELY* DIED SUSPICIOUSLY... BRAINS *RUPTURING* WHILE THEY SLEPT.

I WISH I WAS *BATMAN* OR SOMETHING... IT SEEMS LIKE MY SKILLS END WITH "KILL GUY WITH KITCHEN KNIFE."

I LIKE JASON.

YEAH... ME TOO. HE'S KIND OF *BIZARRO-ME.* I NEVER HAD A CHILDHOOD, AND HE CAN'T STOP LIVING HIS. HEH...IT'S FUNNY.

YES. HE HAD MANY WONDERFUL TOYS.

HUH?

OH COOL.

MWAHAHAHAHAHAHAH

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, *NIGHT COMMANDO.* COME ANY CLOSER, AND I'LL ACTIVATE THE *DOOMBOMB,* AND *DESTROY* THE WHOLE *WORLD!*

NEVER TERROR OVERLORD! WHILE I LIVE, SO DOES FREEDOM!

HAH!

HYAAH!

DON'T YOU KNOW? *BAD GUYS* ARE MUCH COOLER!

HOOF!

CRACK!!!

NOT WHEN ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS...

...IS MECHANICHRON...

...PROTECTOR OF THE GALAXY!

CHOOM!!

NOW LET'S SEE WHAT THE WORLD'S *MOST* EVIL TERRORIST LOOKS LIKE UNDER THAT *HOOD.*

OH... *GOD.*

ASHLEY?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING *HERE...?* *WHY* ARE YOU IN *MY* DREAM?

BECAUSE THESE ARE *MY* TOYS.

AND *YOU* CAN'T PLAY WITH THEM.

AAAAAH!!

WHU?

GUZZLER

HUNH

JASON!?

UNH

HUNH...

YOU OKAY MAN?! JESUS, YOU SCARED ME... YOU HAVE A *BAD DREAM?!*

THIS ISN'T FUNNY MAN! WHAT'S WRONG?!

ASH... ASHLEY...

JASON?!

OH GOD.

NO.

NOOO!!!

WHEN YOU'RE A KID, YOU PLAY WITH TOYS TO ESCAPE, TO HAVE SOME CONTROL OVER YOUR SMALL WORLD WHICH IS RUN FOR YOU BY YOUR PARENTS.

OUR MEANS OF ESCAPE AND CONTROL IS TO PRETEND WE'RE ADULTS. THE LITTLE GIRL PLAYS ***MOTHER,*** CHANGING DIAPERS, FEEDING HER DOLL. THE LITTLE BOY PLAYS ***HERO*** OR ***SOLDIER...*** SETTING OUT TO SAVE THE WORLD.

AS ***ADULTS*** WE WISH WE COULD ESCAPE BACK TO CHILDHOOD. THE LIFE OF DREAMS, IMAGINATION... A LIFE WITHOUT THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF HAVING SOME UNFULFILLING JOB, PAYING BILLS...

WE YEARN FOR A TIME WHEN WE BELIEVED WE WERE IMMORTAL.

NAKED FURY! NUFF SAID.

+REME

WE JUST MET *JASON MICHAELS* YESTERDAY... HE WANTED OUR HELP TRACKING DOWN A SLASHER HE BELIEVED KILLED PEOPLE IN THEIR DREAMS.

POLICE

JASON STILL LIVED IN HIS MOM'S HOUSE, STILL LOVED ALL HIS CHILDHOOD TOYS, AND SEEMED TO BE FIGHTING ADULTHOOD TOOTH AND NAIL. HE ESCAPED THE JOB, THE BILLS....

...BUT NONE OF US ARE IMMORTAL.

THIS JOB SUCKS.

AMBULANCE

LOOK... CHRIS, I KNOW THIS ISN'T THE BEST TIME...

ASHLEY. BEFORE HE DIED, HE SAID "ASHLEY."

THE KID?

YES... THE ONE JASON SAID WAS THE "BAD SON."

I'M GOING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOING ON HERE. I'M GOING OUT TO ST. LUKE'S... HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH MS. GUTHRIE.

I WILL GO...

NO. I NEED YOU TO STAY HERE WITH HIM.

BUT...

WE ALREADY LOST ONE PERSON ON OUR WATCH. I'M NOT LETTING IT HAPPEN AGAIN.

ST. LUKE'S MENTAL HEALTH WARD.

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL

YOU!

THIS IS A HIGH SECURITY AREA OF THE HOSPITAL!

HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE?!

I SHOWED THE GUY AT THE DOOR A LI'L LEG. OH, AND I PAID HIM 150 BUCKS.

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LEAVE, MISS.

CRRRSH!!

MS. GUTHRIE... WE HAVE TO TALK.

JESUS, MAN, ARE YOU JUST GONNA FOLLOW ME AROUND ALL DAY?

YES! CASSIE SAID I SHOULD WATCH YOU! WE DO NOT WANT YOU TO DIE AS WELL!

WELL, THANKS FOR THE CONCERN, BUT MY BEST FRIEND JUST DIED IN MY ARMS... I FEEL ENTITLED TO SOME FUCKING *PRIVACY!*

YES... I WILL WALK BEHIND YOU SO YOU CAN HAVE YOUR FUCKING PRIVACY!

FORGET IT.

ME AN' JAY USED TO COME HERE WHEN WE WERE KIDS. MADE A GREAT HIDEOUT. USED TO PRETEND IT WAS A GIANT CASTLE, DEFENDED BY OUR ACTION FIGURES.

THOSE WERE GOOD TIMES, MAN. HEH...I GUESS WE NEVER GOT OVER 'EM.

CRAP... MAN, I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS NOW... I DON'T WANT TO REMEMBER, REMINISCE... NOT RIGHT NOW.

JASON AND I HAD THIS GREAT CHILDHOOD, AND WE WERE STILL FUCK-UPS.

WHAT'S YOUR STORY?

HURRR... I HAVE NO STORY.

YOU'RE A SEVEN FOOT GUY WITH ***WEIRD SKIN*** AND A ***GAS MASK,*** WHO HANGS OUT WITH A GOTH CHICK WHO ***KILLS*** KILLERS.

THAT'S A STORY.

TELL ME.

I JUST WANT TO ESCAPE REALITY FOR A FEW MINUTES.

UNH!!

OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD

SHE'S JUST UNCONSCIOUS. SHE CRACKED ME A GOOD ONE, THOUGH.

AHHH!

ART SUPPLIES? =SIGH=

LOOK, I DON'T HAVE TIME, AND I'M A ***MEAN BITCH*** EVEN WHEN I HAVE ALL THE ***TIME*** IN THE WORLD.

SO, BEFORE TEN BIG, UNDERPAID ORDERLIES COME RUNNING IN HERE, I NEED YOU TO TALK TO ME...

...ABOUT YOUR SON, ASHLEY.

HURR... I WAS NOT A CHILD AS YOU WERE. NO TOYS. NO FRIENDS.

THERE WAS ONLY THE BUTCHER. HE FOUND ME, A BABY, DUMPED INTO TRASH BY MOTHER WHO COULD NOT CARE FOR ME.

I WAS NOT A NORMAL BABY. I HAD A DISEASE... DEFORMED I WAS. THE BUTCHER TOOK ME INSIDE TO HIS SHOP. HE HAD NO FAMILY...HE HAD COME TO U.S. FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA. HE LIKED TO WORK. HE LIKED TO BE ALONE.

BUT HE RAISED ME. MY HOME WAS THE BASEMENT OF THE BUTCHER SHOP. HE TOLD NO ONE ABOUT ME. BUT CARED FOR ME, BEST HE COULD. YES?

AND SO I LEARNED ABOUT WORLD OUTSIDE FROM THINGS LEFT IN BASEMENT... COMIC BOOKS. MAGAZINES. I LEARNED LANGUAGE FROM THE BUTCHER. HE DID NOT TALK VERY MUCH.

BOOKZ

BUSTLER

BUT MY DISEASE MADE MY LIFE PAIN. ARMS AND LEGS HURT EVERYDAY. HURRR...

SO. THE BUTCHER MADE ME LIFT... LIFTING HEAVY THINGS MADE MY MUSCLES STRONG. MUSCLES STRAIGHTENED TWISTED YOUNG BONES. MADE ME VERY STRONG.

AND HE SHOWED ME HOW TO CUT MEAT. USING THE TOOLS HELPED ME KEEP MY... HURRR...

AGILITY?

YES. AGILITY.

ONE DAY. THE BUTCHER DID NOT WAKE. AND I WAS ALONE.

AND SO I SPENT MUCH TIME LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW. I WANTED TO SEE THE WORLD... BUT WAS AFRAID OF IT AS WELL.

AND AFRAID THE WORLD OUTSIDE THE GLASS WOULD FEAR ME.

SOON. THE FOOD WAS ALL GONE. THE BUTCHER HAD ALWAYS BROUGHT IT... NOW. I HAD TO FIND MY OWN.

MEAT X

BLAND BRAND CHUNKS

GRUEL

SO. I COVERED MYSELF TO HIDE MY UGLINESS... BUT ALSO TO PROTECT MYSELF FROM THIS WORLD WITHOUT A CEILING. AND ITS THICK. DIRTY AIR.

MY DINNER WAS WHAT I COULD FIND. HUNTING THE CITY NIGHT. I SAW THIS NEW WORLD FROM ITS DARK ALLEYS. AND TRASH BINS.

I SAW THE SIDES OF MAN THAT ONLY CAME OUT IN THE NIGHT.

KEEP OUT.

THOUGH I WAS IN SHADOW. SOME DID SEE ME. I BECAME KNOWN AS THE MEAT MAN.

A GHOST OF THE CITY.

THIS GHOST WAS OFTEN THE FIRST TO BE BLAMED FOR STRANGE HAPPENINGS... FROM BROKEN WINDOWS...

TO BROKEN BODIES. HURR.

AND THIS IS HOW I CAME TO MEET CASSANDRA.

SHE BELIEVED ME TO BE A SLASHER WHO HAD KILLED MANY TEENS.

I WAS NOT HE.

CASSANDRA FELT BAD FOR ATTACKING ME.

SHE OFFERED ME THE CHANCE TO SEE THE WORLD. TO GET AWAY FROM MY BASEMENT.

AND PERHAPS. OFFERED HERSELF SOMEONE TO HELP CONTROL HER ANGER.

WE DESTROYED THE KILLER.

TOGETHER.

AND I HAVE FOLLOWED HER, TO MANY TOWNS AND CITIES SINCE.

I WAS RIGHT...

HEH.

IT'S FUNNY... WHEN I SAW YOU TWO YESTERDAY, ALL I THOUGHT WAS....

THAT *WAS* A STORY.

"DAMN, HOW'D JAY FIND THIS CUTE LI'L CHICK?"

TALK!!!

I DON'T CARE HOW *CRAZY* YOU ARE! SOMETHING'S GOING ON HERE, AND I NEED TO KNOW HOW TO STOP IT BEFORE SOMEONE DIES TONIGHT!

DREAMS...

HE KILLS THEM IN THEIR DREAMS.

NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE...

ASHLEY KILLS PEOPLE IN DREAMS.

HOW? WHY?

I... I DON'T KNOW HOW...

BUT... WHY? ASHLEY... ASHLEY WAS ***BORN*** OF THE DEVIL.

IT WAS ASHLEY WHO KILLED HIS LITTLE BROTHER. NOT MY HUSBAND.

ASHLEY DIDN'T LIKE SHARING HIS TOYS. WITH ANYONE. HE ALWAYS WANTED TO ***CONTROL*** EVERYONE, ***POSSESS*** EVERYTHING.

SO WHEN LUCAS TOOK HIS TRUCK, ASHLEY SMASHED HIS HEAD WITH IT. AFTER THAT, HE WALKED UP TO HIS ROOM TO TAKE A NAP.

HE KILLED HIS BROTHER WITH A METAL TRUCK AND THEN CRAWLED INTO BED.

I WAS SO ENRAGED, I FOLLOWED HIM UPSTAIRS AND SUFFOCATED HIM WITH HIS OWN ***TEDDY BEAR.*** MY HUSBAND WAS RUINED. HE TOOK THE BLAME, WENT TO JAIL FOR ME.

BUT SOMEHOW, ASHLEY DIDN'T DIE. HE HAUNTED OUR DREAMS EVERY NIGHT. DROVE MY HUSBAND TO SUICIDE.

AND HE DROVE ME HERE.

SO NOW HE'S KILLING KIDS IN THEIR DREAMS... AND HE KILLED JASON.

THE TOYS... IT'S GOT TO BE THE TOYS.

THE EVIL LITTLE SHIT IS PLAYING WITH HIS VICTIMS IN THEIR SLEEP...

...AND KILLING THEM WHEN HE DOESN'T WANT TO SHARE ANY-MORE.

SOMEHOW, I'M GOING TO STOP ASHLEY.

AND YOU, AND EVERYONE ELSE IN THIS TOWN, ARE GOING TO GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.

HERE.

ASPIRIN? WHAT'S THIS FOR?

FOR HER.

HAVE HER TAKE TWO FOR ACHES AND PAINS.

I'VE GOT ANOTHER APPOINTMENT.

*

YEAH, THIS WAS ONE OF JAY'S FAVORITES. "BARON BLACKPANTS." I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS KINDA GAY...

BEWARE

TOP SECRET ENTRANCE

THEY DON'T MAKE METAL ONES ANYMORE.

GET AS MANY TOYS AS YOU CAN.

WE NEED A LOT OF BAIT.

BY THE WAY, VLAD. WE'RE OUT OF MONEY.

ONE HUNDRED FIFTY DOLLARS FOR THE BRIBE, AND THIRTY FOR THAT GODDAMN TRUCK.

WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO. I CALLED A FRIEND...

...AND SHE MAKES HOUSE CALLS.

LATER...

JESUS... I HOPE THIS WORKS.

THIS GAS WASN'T EXACTLY DESIGNED FOR HUMANS...

SMALL ANIMAL ANESTHESIA

KETAMINE

I KNOW, *LISA*. BUT I DIDN'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME, AND I DON'T KNOW A LOT OF DENTISTS.

I JUST NEED YOU TO KNOCK ME OUT GOOD.

WE SHOULD DO THIS MORE OFTEN, YES?

DON'T GET TOO USED TO IT... I JUST NEED THIS STUFF ON MY MIND WHEN I GO UNDER.

I SHOULD BE GOING WITH YOU.

NO VLAD. WE CAN'T DREAM TOGETHER.

AND IF I DIE, *YOU* HAVE TO GO NEXT.

HOW ARE YOU GONNA *STOP* HIM?

I'LL JUST PLAY...

REAL ROUGH...

HMMM...

WHU?

HA

HAHAHAHAHA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

OH FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

939

HERE WE GO...

I KNEW YOU'D COME, YOU LITTLE...

PFUH.

MR. PINK? IS THAT YOU?

OOOF!

SPAK!

SO WE'RE PLAYING WITH MY OLD TOYS, IS THAT IT?

AW... MR. PINK... REMEMBER WHEN MOM WOULD GET MAD AND *YELL*?

AND I'D CRY AND HOLD YOU 'TIL I FELL ASLEEP?

GRAAAH!

=HUFF= NO?

THAT HURTS ME.

HUNH... WORSE THAN FUCKIN' *WATERSHIP DOWN.*

THREW A KE
WHILE MOM
ON VACA TI

ATE TOO MUCH CAKE

PARENTS BUY YOU A PLAYSTATION

YOU LANDED ON A CHUTE.

BYE BYE.

ADVANCE

EAT MORE CAKE!

I LOVE CAKE UND PIE!

YOU DID YOUR CHORES...

OH NO!

BYE BYE.

HUH?

I DON'T WANNA SHARE.

THESE ARE MY TOYS.

HAHA... I GET IT... "CHUTES AND LADDERS."

NICE, ASHLEY... REALLY NICE.

AHHHHHHH!

OH NO!

OH SNAP!

DIE, WHORE!

OLE!

WAIT... ASHLEY... I STILL WANNA PLAY.

I HAVE A WHOLE BUNCH MORE TOYS TO SHOW YOU.

AND... AND YOU CAN *KEEP* THEM.

STOMP!

AH!

YOOUUU...

LITTTLE...

FUCKERRRRRRR...

OOOF!

WHOMP

OWW...

...SHIT.

I JUST *HAD* TO PLAY WITH BOY TOYS...

IMPOSTOR! THIS REALM BELONGS TO THE *ULTI-ANIMALS*, AND ITS PRINCE--

--THE MIGHTY *GREAT DANE!*

THIS KINGDOM WILL NEVER BE YOURS, FOR IT IS UNDER THE PROTECTION OF *THUNDER GUARD!*

CHI

CHING

THE LITTLE GIRL IN ME IS THINKING:

"THIS IS *SOOOO* COOL."

BUT THE LIL' GIRL IN ME IS PRETTY MUCH DEAD.

HAVING TO SHOOT YOUR UNDEAD MOTHER IN THE FACE WILL DO THAT.

GOTTA GET MOVING BEFORE PRESENT DAY ME IS DEAD TOO.

A GIRL!

IN HER UNDERPANTS, NO LESS!

THAT WAS NO GIRL...

SHE'S A BAD GUY.

AND YOU MUST *DESTROY* HER.

GOTTA PICK A PASSAGE, *DUNGEON AND DRAGONS* STYLE...

WHAT THE...?

OH CHRIST...NOW HE'S DRESSING ME UP.

LITTLE SHIT'S TAKEN OVER MY DREAMS...I'M PLAYING *HIS* GAME. AS SOON AS HE GETS SICK OF ME, I'LL JUST BE ANOTHER PLAYTHING THAT NEVER WAKES UP AGAIN.

TIME TO EVEN THE PLAYING FIE--

AH!

WITCHY WOMAN!

SO IT WAS *YOU* WHO TRICKED ME INTO FIGHTING THUNDERGUARD!

THAT WAS NOT NICE!

ULTI-ANIMALS UNIIII----

=GHYUK=

HYAH!

THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH THESE KIDDIE-SHOW GUYS...

DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIGHT *DIRTY.*

THE SOONER I GET OUT OF THIS CASTLE, THE BETTER CHANCE I HAVE OF ENDING UP IN BARBIE'S DREAM HOUSE....

GO NO FURTHER INSIDE DREAD MOUNTIAN, WITCH!

THE SECRETS OF DREAD MOUNTIAN SHOULD NEVER FALL INTO THE HANDS OF EVI---

=ACK=

SPLORCH

WHAT THE FUCK?!

HEE HEE HEE HEE!

AWESOME.

WHAT WAS THAT?!

ZOOOOM!!!

WHAT THE HELL?

CHINCHA!

CHINCHA!

CHINCHA!

FUCK *ME.*

RRRAAAAGH!!!

VLAD...?

JESUS... POOR BASTARD.

IT MUST BE KILLING HIM NOT TO BE ABLE TO LOOK AFTER HER--TO WATCH HER BACK.

SHE'S HIS WORLD.

SHE'S ALL HE'S GOT.

RAAAH!!

COME GET IT, YOU LIL' FUCKERS!

LIL' JAPANESE GUT-BAGS!

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT!

ONLY GOOD FOR GIVING SEIZURES, AIN'T YA?!

OOOPS...

LOOKS LIKE I BROKE ALL YOUR TOYS.

NO!! I *LET* YOU WIN.

THESE ARE *MY* TOYS... I ONLY LET YOU WIN SO WE COULD PLAY LONGER.

BUT I'M *MAD* AT YOU NOW.

I'M GOING TO SQUEEZE YOU LIKE A KITTY...

OH NO--

HEE HEE HEE HEE!

WOK!!!

DON'T WORRY, IF ANYONE CAN STOP THIS KID--

--IT'S *THIS* GIRL.

YEAH... I KNOW.

I'M... I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT JASON. I ONLY TALKED TO HIM A FEW TIMES--WELL--*TYPED* TO HIM.

HE SEEMED LIKE A GREAT GUY. I WISH I COULD HAVE MET HIM.

YEAH--HE WOULD HAVE LIKED TO MEET YOU TO. HE WAS ALWAYS GIVIN' ME SHIT--ABOUT HOW I NEVER TALKED TO REAL WOMEN, AND HE DID.

I THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY THAT HE CONSIDERED TYPING ON A COMPUTER "TALKING TO REAL WOMEN."

HAH.

THIS IS GONNA SOUND REALLY WEIRD AND INAPPROPRIATE...

BUT, IN THE LAST TWO DAYS, IT'S BEEN MADE ABUNDANTLY CLEAR TO ME THAT LIFE IS SHORT, AND YOU HAVE TO GROW UP SOMEDAY.

HEH... IT FEELS LIKE THE *SPIRIT OF JASON* IS HERE, HAUNTING ME INTO ASKING THIS....

ARE YOU SINGLE?

AHHHH!!!

!?

CASSANDRA!

YOU WILL DEFEAT THIS MONSTER.

THERE IS MUCH OF THE WORLD LEFT FOR US TO SEE.

=UNF=

YOU LIL' SHIT...YOU COULD HAVE HAD IT SO GOOD.

A REAL FAMILY-- A MOTHER AND FATHER WHO LOVED YOU...

MOMMY SHOWED ME LOVE BY PUTTING TEDDY ON MY FACE.

TEDDY'S FUR IN MY MOUTH, IN MY NOSE.

CUZ LUCAS TRIED TO TAKE MY TRUCK...TRIED TO TAKE MY MOM AND DAD AWAY.

I DON'T LIKE TO SHARE.

IT WAS FUN TO PLAY WITH YOU. BUT WE'RE DONE NOW.

NOW I'LL FIND SOMEONE NEW TO PLAY WITH...

WHAT?

=KOFF=

YEAH... HERE WE GO...

I KNEW IT'D COME. I JUST HAD TO KEEP YOU BUSY LONG ENOUGH.

IN THE WORDS OF THE IMMORTAL *ALICE COOPER*...

"WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE."

NOOOOOO!

THUNK!

WHERE AM I?

THUNK!

THUNK!

THUNK!

WHERE?!

YOU! WHERE DID YOU TAKE ME?

THUNK!

WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN, MY MOTHER CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD. SHE--SHE KILLED A BUNCH OF GIRLS AT MY SCHOOL.

ALL MY DREAMS END THE SAME--EVERY NIGHT I RELIVE THAT DAY.

THUNK!

NO! THIS IS *MY* WORLD!! ONLY *I* CAN PLAY WITH IT!!! I'LL KILL YOU!!!

=UCK=

OH NO, YOU DOESN'T...

YOU BAD LITTLE BOY.

NOOOOO!

NOBODY BETTER HURT MY CASSIE.

AAAAHHHH!

AAAAAH!

THUNK!

THUNK! THUNK! THUNK!

OH... GOD...

THERE'S MY GIRL.

THAT MEAN LITTLE BOY DIDN'T HURT YOU, DID HE?

KOOM

THWUMP

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

THIS IS THE PART WHERE I USUALLY WAKE UP SCREAMING.

PLEASE.

PLEASE LET ME WAKE UP SCREAMING...

...NOW.

NO DREAMS...

NO DREAMS!

GUTHRIE

YES!

NO DREEEEAAAAAMMMMSS!

HEY, KEEP IT DOWN!

DAMN CRAZY PEOPLE...OW.

AT LEAST IT WON'T HAPPEN TO ANYONE ELSE.

OH--HEY... DIDN'T THINK YOU'D BE AWAKE SO EARLY.

WHY?

RUN D.M.C.

VLAD AND I HAVE TO GET A MOVE ON.

NO REST FOR THE *WICKED.*

SOON...

THANK YOU, LISA. IT WAS GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

HERE, CASSIE... OH WAIT. THAT'S RIGHT--

--YOU DON'T DRINK COFFEE. IT KEEPS YOU UP.

NO... I'LL TAKE IT. I DON'T WANT TO SLEEP.

NOT FOR A LONG TIME.

SO, CHRIS...

...WANNA TAKE A SINGLE GIRL OUT FOR BREAKFAST?

GODDAMMIT.

NEVILS!

H HEALTHY POLICE DEPT.

THERE'S SOMETHING RATTLING AROUND DOWN IN THE EVIDENCE LOCK-UP. PROBABLY A SQUIRREL OR SOMETHING.

CHECK IT FOR ME, WOULD YA?

YESSIR.

IN

WAN

M. FOO

SQUIRRELS...

...BUGGER PROBABLY ATE SOME MARIJUANA, AND NOW HE'S FLIPPIN' OUT.

OSU

GUTHRIE

HEY BUDDY. DON'T BOGART THAT JOINT.

HEH... SHARE A LIL' WITH YOUR GOOD FRIEND....

AAAAGH!

NO SHARE!!

GUTHRIE

END

HACK/SLASH

TRAILERS

CHICAGO.

THE STUDIO OF SKOTTIE YOUNG, COMIC BOOK ARTIST.

CRAP MAN... GOTTA GET THESE PAGES DONE.

FUCKIN' *CHIPPY THE SLASHER SLAYER.* SHOULDNA' NEVER STARTED THIS GIG.

SHOULDA TAKEN THAT *"BROTHER VOODOO"* MINI-SERIES...

WHA-KOOM

GHYAAH!

WHAT THE *FUCK?!*

FUCK, MAN!

UCK!

SHUK!! SHUK!! SHUK!!

NOOTRAC

KNUMPIHC

ESIRA!

WHEN AN ENEMY FROM THE PAST...

...CREATES A MAGICAL WEAPON OF ***REVENGE***...

...IT'S THE ULTIMATE BATTLE OF *GOOD*...

SHING!

...*VERSUS CHIPMUNK.*

EITHER THIS IS A BAD DREAM OR WE'RE BEING CHASED BY A CARTOON CHARCTER.

MY FAVORITE CARTOON CHARACTER!

I'M GONNA GET ALL *ELMER FUDD* ON HER ASS.

KACHUNK!

NOW, THE WORLD'S GREATEST KILLER OF KILLERS MAY HAVE MET HER MATCH....

COMICS

HEY, YOU'RE THAT CHICK THAT *CHIPPY THE SLASHER SLAYER* IS BASED ON. I READ AN INTERVIEW WITH SKOTTIE YOUNG IN *WHIZZER MAGAZINE.*

LOOK, I JUST NEED MY RESEARCH, AND I'LL BE OUTTA HERE...

MAN, THE ART ON *CHIPPY* REALLY SUCKS.

I HATE THAT CARTOON STUFF...

BLEEAHHH...*

...BECAUSE THIS CARTOON CHIPMUNK DON'T SING.

HACK/SLASH:
BLOOD & NUTS

IN THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN...

...A PLAGUE OF MURDERERS THREATENS THE STREETS OF TOKYO...

♫ WALKING ON SUNSHINE! OH WOAH! ♫

♫ WALKING ON SUNSHINE! WOOAH! AND DON'T IT FEEL... ♫

GOOAGGHHH!

HAAHAHAHAAHAHA!

KILLED WHILE SINGING "KATRINA AND THE WAVES."

TRAGIC.

VLAD! A LIL' OF THE OL' HIGH-LOW?!

HAI!

OR... WELL... LOW... HAI... NOT "HIGH."

URRRR.

I KNEW WHAT YOU MEANT.

AHHHH!

GRAAH!

WHEN A SLASHER CUTS TOO CLOSE TO HOME FOR THE YAKUZA....

YOU WERE UNABLE TO PROTECT MY DAUGHTER FROM THIS... THIS "SLASHER?!"

NO... SIR... I TRIED...

KILL YOURSELF.

WE WILL FIGHT FIRE, WITH FIRE. BRING ME A "SLASHER."

AHHHHHH!!

NOW THE HUNT FOR A GIRL'S KILLER IS JOINED.

DAMN IT!! ARE WE TOO LATE?!

AND CASSIE AND VLAD ARE ABOUT TO LEARN...

"TWO'S COMPANY..."

...BUT THREE'S A CROWD."

URRRR.

URRRR.

THIS IS GONNA GET ALL "TOHO MONSTER MOVIE" REAL QUICK.

CASSIE & VLAD VS. O-NADA KAMIKAZE VS.

HACK/SLASH RENEGADE KNIFE: ITAI!

WELCOME TO CHARMING *FRANCO-BELLE COLLEGE* CAMPUS IN MASSACHUSETS.

THIS RENOWNED SCHOOL FOR GIRLS ENJOYS A STRONG TRADITION OF ACADEMIC EXCELLENCE.

STUDENTS AT OUR SCHOOL ENJOY A RIGOROUS, FOCUSED STUDY, WHICH PLAYS TO THEIR STRENGTHS AND ALLOWS THEM TO DOMINATE IN THE CLASSROOM.

GIRLS DON'T HAVE TO LIVE UP TO EXPECTATIONS THAT THEY MUST BE NICE, QUIET, NON-ATHLETIC, AND PASSIVE AT FRANCO-BELLE.

NO, FREE FROM THE PRESSURES OF CO-ED SCHOOLS, THE GIRLS AT FRANCO-BELLE CAN EXCEL IN LEADERSHIP...

Hot Tub and Spa
AUTHORIZED USE ONLY

AND CREATE *STRONG* AND *LASTING* RELATIONSHIPS....

...WITH LIKE-MINDED GIRLS.

WHEN CASSIE DISCOVERS A RECURRING OCCULT MURDER ON AN ALL-GIRL CAMPUS...

THIS IS THE PLACE. FIFTY YEARS AGO, *SIX* GIRLS DIED HERE. AND FIFTY YEARS BEFORE THAT, SIX MORE.

...SHE MUST INFILTRATE AN EXCLUSIVE SORORITY...

HEY. YOU'RE IN MY...UH, CHEM LECTURE.

OH REALLY?

WELL, MAYBE WE SHOULD SIT TOGETHER...

SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE MIX.

...AND STOP A KILLER INTENT ON CREATING A ***BLOODBATH.***

HERE WE GO... COUNTESS BATHORY: LADY OF BLOOD.

THESE MURDERS HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS OLD, DEAD RICH-BITCH.

WHERE DID YOU FIND THIS BOOK?

MY FRIEND AMBER HAD IT. SHE HAS ALL KINDS OF COOL STUFF.

YOU HAVE A FRIEND?

THIS IS... FASCINATING.

YOU SURE DO PAY A LOT OF ATTENTION TO THOSE BOOKS.

THERE'S SO MUCH ELSE THAT NEEDS ATTENDING TO...

AMBERRR...?

NOW, ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN CASSIE AND HER PREY...

...IS A KIND OF FRIENDSHIP SHE HAS NEVER KNOWN.

OH... GOD.

AMBER.

CASSSANDRA!!!

THIS WINTER...

TERROR...

TURNS UP THE HEAT.

HACK/SLASH:

TUB CLUB

COLD. DARK. AIRLESS.

SOONER OR LATER, MOST *HORROR FRANCHISES* RUN OUT OF IDEAS FOR SEQUELS.

AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS, THEY END UP...

HERE.

AIEEEE!

WHAT BEGAN AS AN EXPERIMENT...

BY FREEZING THESE FELONS WE'RE ABLE TO TEST THE HUMAN BODY'S REACTION TO CRYOGENIC STASIS FOR DEEP SPACE TRAVEL.

AREN'T THESE ALL MURDERERS?

ALL THE BETTER TO BE OUR GUINEA PIGS.

BECAME A *NIGHTMARE.*

...AND THE PRISONERS HAVE TAKEN OVER THE SATELLITES.

SUPERMARKET

I BRAKE FOR NOTHING!

BUT...THE PRISONERS... THEY'VE CHANGED. THEY'RE NOT... ALIVE.

THEY HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO TURN...

TO AN *EXPERT.*

LEMME GET THIS STRAIGHT.

YOU WANT US TO GO TO *SPACE?*

3...

2...

1.

FFUUUUCCCKK THIIISS!

HUR HUR. FUN.

HURR... WE...ARE NOT ON EARTH.

YEAH, NO SHIT.

LET'S KILL SOMETHING.

NOW SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN STOP...

A LEGION OF THE DAMNED.

FIVE BILLION LIVES TO END.

WE HAVE TO STOP THEM FROM CRASHING THE SATELLITE!

YOU CAN NOT STOP US... WE ARE THE FUTURE! WE ARE *EVOLUTION.*

LOOK, MOMMY! A SHOOTING STAR!

IN THE VACUUM OF SPACE...

DYING *SUCKS.*

HACK/SLASH:
ORBITUARY

IN A 2004 SURVEY, 15% OF CHILDREN UNDER 10 SURVEYED SAID THE MOST VALUABLE THING IN THE WORLD WAS "TO BE FAMOUS."

"FAMILY" CAME IN SECOND.

EVERYONE WANTS TO BE A CELEBRITY. BEING KNOWN VALIDATES OUR EXISTENCE.

BEING SEEN. BEING ENVIED. BEING LOVED. SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS. BEING EVERYONE'S FUCK FANTASY. BEING REMEMBERED.

BEING IMMORTAL. *NEVER DYING...*

WE'RE BACK WITH *"LIVE WITH RAY DINO."* WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THE OUTBREAK OF CELBRITY DEATHS...

...I MEAN, JUST TODAY WE LOST *ROMAN LANSING.* THIS GUY WAS THE BIGGEST THING TO HIT FILMS SINCE *ARNIE.*

IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS, WE'VE LOST AT LEAST TEN FAMOUS ACTORS, ATHLETES... MYSTERIOUS DEATHS, EVERY SINGLE ONE. THE CELEBRITY DEAD POOLS ARE GOIN' NUTS.

KLATOO VERATA DICTO!

This stupid face has a name. Stefano Casell is the owner.

Such a sad guy.

CHICA

TIM SEELEY

was found naked in his room, watching a Porn movie with his Lovebunny doll. The creator had a crazy end as his life was.

TOM CURSE SLASHED!!!

Police found the STILL SMILING head of the actor inside Nikole Kidboy's house. Tom's ex wife

dsdsgsg sdgsgdsfdfh dfdhdfhfdh dfdfhdhdfhfh df df dfhdfhtttrutrututut rrturtrutruu ut yutu utuut utur dfu!!!

MIKE TY-BRO

HECK, WE'VE HAD TO RESCHEDULE GUESTS THREE TIMES. NO OFFENSE, MARTY, BUT WE DON'T USUALLY HAVE PSYCHICS ON IF WE CAN GET *PARIS HILTON,* Y'KNOW?

HEH.

HEH.

HEH.

YOU WERE WISE TO BRING ME ON YOUR SHOW, RAY. FOR *PSCHYIC MARTY HAS THE ANSWER!* I KNOW WHO IS KILLING OUR BELOVED FAMOUS PEOPLE!

HE IS A *TELEKINETICALLY POWERED MUTANT* ABLE TO DESTROY PEOPLE THROUGH HIS TELEVISION!

UH...

WHAT?

IT'S A TOUGH GIG, BEING A PSYCHIC... YOU SURE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN HITTIN' A LITTLE OF THE HOO-HOO JUICE, MARTY?

JOKE AS YOU WILL, RAY. BUT I HAVE USED MY POWERS TO FIND THIS MAN. AND I HAVE A *PHOTO!!!*

YEAAAAH. KINDA LOOKS LIKE A SPECIAL EFFECTS TEST FOR A NEW GOONIES FLIC--

uUrRrRghHHH...

UH...

LIL'... HELP?

THIS ISN'T FUNN--

SPLORCH

NOW, A SUPER POWERED KILLER IS STALKING THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS PEOPLE

AND *VLAD* IS THE NUMBER ONE *SUSPECT.*

BUT, IN A WORLD WHERE INFAMY IS A SURE TICKET TO *CELEBRITY*.....

WELL, HEY THERE, BIG STAR. TIME, NEWSWEEK, ROLLING STONE... YOUR MUG MADE THEM ALL.

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY WE'RE GONNA DRAW THIS GUY OUT. WE HAVE TO USE YOU AS BAIT.

THE WHOLE WORLD WANTS TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE. GET PRETTY VLAD... CUZ YOU'RE GOING ON THE BOOB TUBE.

VLAD AND CASSIE MUST AVOID BECOMING...

DEAD CELEBRITIES

EVERYONE GETS 15 MINUTES OF FAME. HE WANTS TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T LIVE... HKK... UNH... MY HEAD... I'M THE VOICEOVER GUY! I'M A STAR! I CAN'T...

AAAGH!! SPLORCH

ONCE BITTEN

SPLOOSH

FINALLY!

PFAAH. I TOLD 'EM. WANNA CATCH A VENGEFUL MURDEROUS SHARK?

ALL YOU NEED IS ONE OF THOSE CREEPY SILICONE SEX DOLLS, A BUNCH OF BLOOD...

...AND FOURTEEN POUNDS OF RAT POISON.

AND WHAT DO YOU GET?

ONE DEAD-AS-FUCK FISH WHOSE BODY COUNT JUST ENDED AT *TEN.*

PERHAPS WE GIVE UP SLASHER HUNT AND BECOME FISHERMEN.

HELL, NO! THIS BOAT SHIT MAKES ME SEA SICK. HOPEFULLY *OL' BLACKFIN* IS THE LAST SEA ANIMAL THAT FITS MY SLASHER SPECIFICATIONS.

SUN AWAY

YES. HUMAN SLASHERS ARE BAD ENOUGH.

THOUGH I AM GLAD WE CAME TO THE SEA. I HAVE NEVER BEEN ON THE WATER. IT IS BEAUTIFUL AND....

...RELAXING?

GULP.

DRY LAND... DRY LAND...

WHAT?

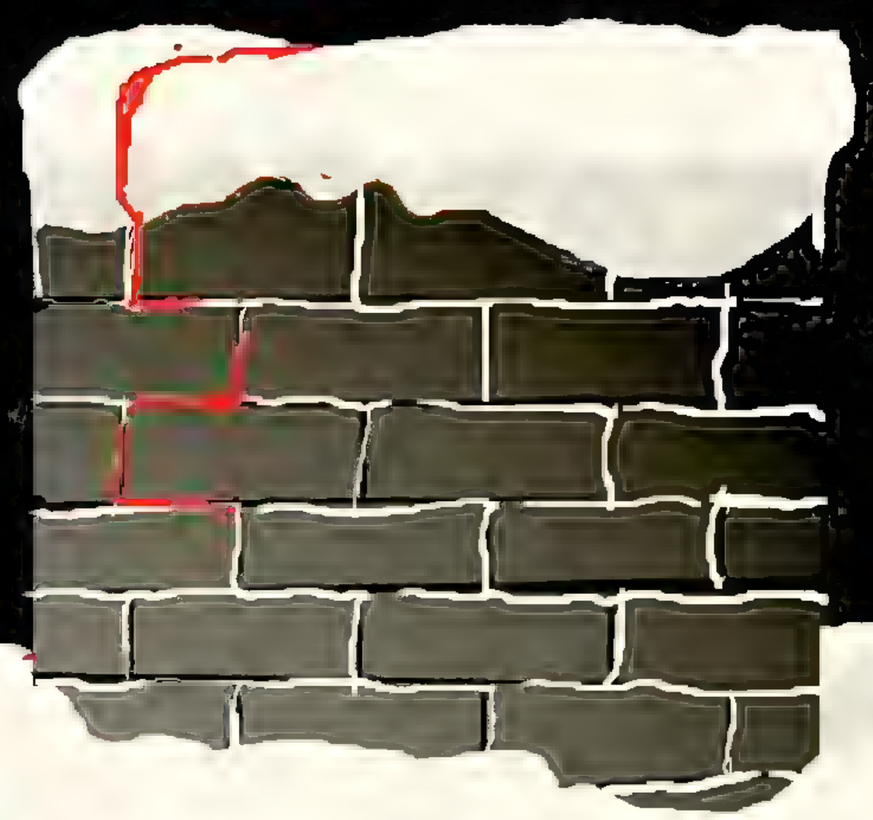
WHAT?! WHAT DID I MISS?!

DRY LAND DRY LAND DRY LAND.

END

SLASHING THROUGH THE SNOW

WRITTEN BY
TIM SEELEY
DRAWN BY
MIKE O'SULLIVAN
PAINTED BY
STEVE SEELEY
TITLE ILLUSTRATION BY SEAN DOVE



'Twas the night be[illegible]e Christmas,
And a killer did cr[illegible]p,
Preparing for mu[illegible]r,
As the children did sleep.

His name was Rudolph,
And he hated Christmas so.
He peered through the window,
As he brushed off the snow.

Inside, a tree, presents, and lights.
He's had this home long in his sights.
So perfect, so cheery,
The rage filled his pores.
This perfect little family
Never locked their doors.

'Dressed in his Santa suit,
Rudolph excitedly shook.
He gave the antlers strapped to his hand
One last, loving look.

"Soon you'll taste flesh!"
Rudolph said with a grin.
"We'll punish their greed,
The worst Deadly Sin!"

Yes, that's Rudolph's motivation,
Pretty weak, I admit.
But he's a slasher, okay?!
Crazy...BATSHIT!!

Rudolph crept through the twinkling lit grass.
His first kill of the season.
Merrily [illegible] away.

The [illegible] for the child
Too young of the [illegible]
He'll stick his antlers through
This greedy little critter.

He pulled back the covers
To unwrap his tiny gift,
When a handgun popped up,
Rudolph'd been stiffed!

"Ho ho ho, motherfucker," said a young woman, so coy.
"What's going on?" said Rudolph.
"The [illegible] for the [illegible]"

"Not this year, and not this crime.
Damn, it's annoying to have to [illegible] [illegible]"
This goth teen, she'd stop his spree!
He slashed her hand with his antlers,
And away he did flee.

Back down the stairs, he ran
To office Hoy, awful soap
He bumped into a huge shape,
Bundled in gift wrap

Normally a gift so big could hardly be bad.
But it is if you're a slasher,
And the gift's name is Vlad.

Vlad tore open the paper, and shreds did fly!
"Merry Christmas, Mr. Slasher!
Time for you to die!"

Rudolph dodged the cleaver
That nearly lopped off his head
He wished he hadn't eaten a heifer.
Perhaps a librarian instead

Seeing a way out,
Rudolph used his head
He clambered up the chimney,
And got stuck there instead.

Maybe a little disappointed,
Cassie and Vlad saw their slasher was stuck.
The first killer they hadn't killed.
Why Rudolph, what luck!

The family came back
To open presents 'round the tree.
They'd let their hour be out
For nobody's murdered her.

The police came to grab Rudolph
And take him off to jail.
His Christmas gift would be iron bars,
Not fruitcake or bail.

Cassie and Vlad snuck off into the night,
Dark as the river Styx.
Their prize some cookies
And some Tom N' Jerry mix.

As they munched on sugar
And lifted up their tummies,
Cassie gave Vlad a gift.
"Vocabulary for Dummies."

It's Christmas for Slasher hunters.
To Cassie, a new bright, shiny bat,
To replace her old one
That smelled of dead cat.

Cassie, who hates mushy,
Said, "We got killers to slay.
Our first holiday slasher!
Can't wait for Valentine's Day!"

End.

HACK/SLASH

SLICE HARD

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

UPTOWN.

ANGELA?

JUST WAIT, BABY.

I'M DRAWING YOU A HOT BATH.

JUST SO YOU KNOW, I DON'T USUALLY DO THIS...

...GO *HOME* WITH A GIRL AFTER I MEET HER AT A CLUB. I'M NO *PLAYER.*

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU...

...I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF.

I'M NO *PLAYER.*

=SNORT=

THIS GUY IS GOLDEN. WORTH EVERY PENNY.

HURR.

BAIT, SET, TRAP. I'VE HEARD ENOUGH. THIS IS DEFINITELY OUR SLASHER.

LET'S GO WHUP SOME ASS.

IT'S READY FOR US.

COME GET *WET* WITH ME.

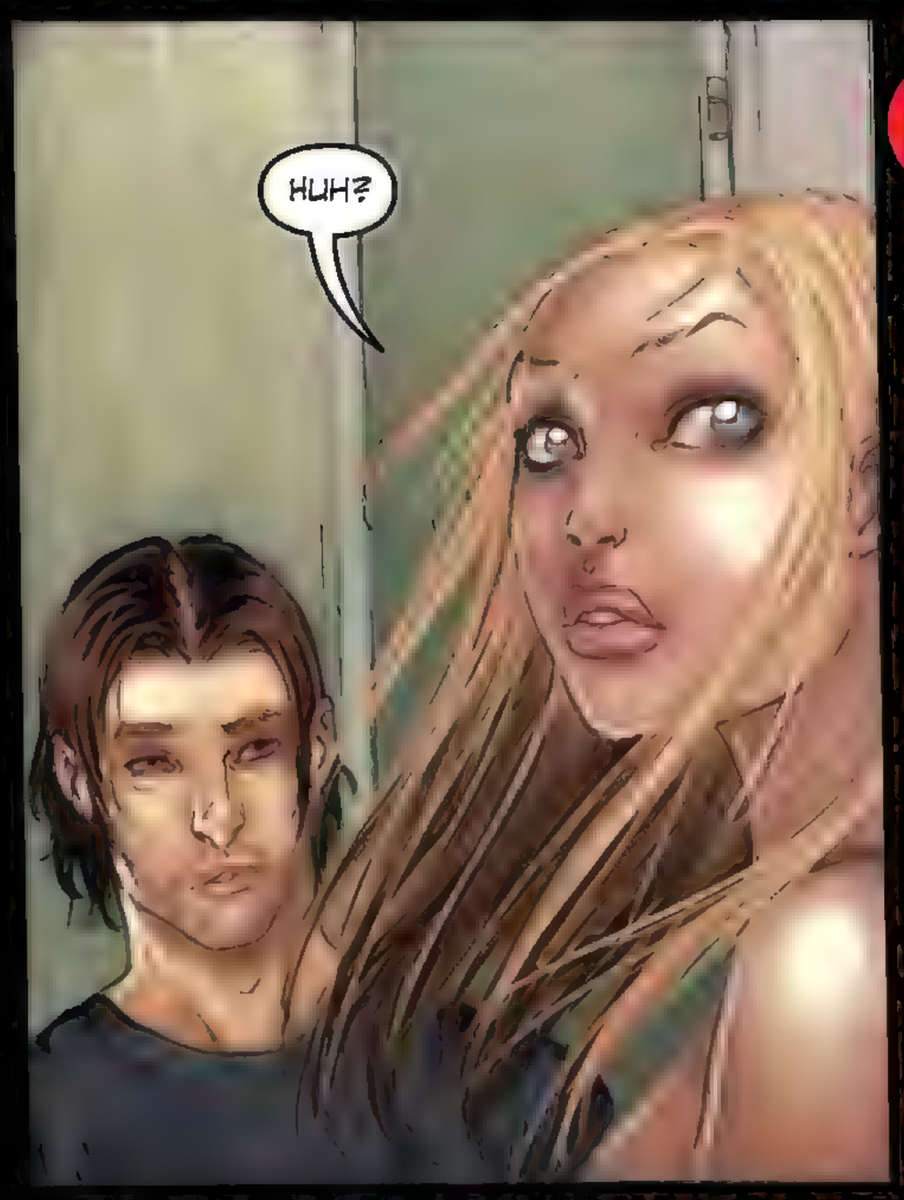
MMMM...

~FZZT~MMMMM... YEAH... TOUCH ME THERE...
P.O.S
EEWWW. WE SHOULDN'T BE LISTENING TO THIS TOGETHER. I KNOW HOW GUYS ARE.
YOU'RE GONNA GET ALL WORKED UP, AND I'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH FLIRTING AND INNUENDO...

AH, FUCK IT. I CAN'T PICK A LOCK TO SAVE MY ASS.
VLAD?

HERE.
HOLD MY WIENER.

KROOOM!


HUH?

SOMEONE'S HERE! I HAVE TO CLEAN YOU BEFORE THEY STOP US!

HURR... HELLO ANGEL.

THE ACID ANGEL.

I KNEW YOU'D BE HER TYPE.

FSSSSSSSSSS

LOOKS PRETTY GOOD FOR A DEAD CHICK.

WHAT WILL WE DO WITH HER?

I DUNNO... TAKE HER OUT BACK AND SHOOT 'ER I GUESS...

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY.

WHO ASKED YOU, PLAYA--

--UCK!

FFRRZZAAAAK!

CASSANDRA?!

KAAAAH!

GHYA!

FFRRZZAAAAK!

HE'S DOWN!

HE'D BETTER BE. HE TOOK ENOUGH VOLTS TO LAY OUT A *CAMEL.*

NICE JOB, BOYS.

BAIT, SET, TRAP.

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

♫ CRRRRY LITTLE SISTER... ♫

♫ ...THOU SHALLL NOT FALLL...♫

C'MON, C'MON! GIMME A RIDE!

WHAT THE--!

DANG IT! DANG IT! DANG IT! STOP! I'LL KILL YOU!

=SNIFF= WHY WON'T NOBODY PICK ME UP?

OH... ARE YOU CRYIN'? WHAT'S WRONG SWEETHEART?

AHUH... I'M NOT GOING BACK TO SCHOOL, MOMMY.

OH? WHY'S THAT CASSIE-HONEY?

THE KIDS ALL LAUGH AT ME, AND CALL ME NAMES...

THEY... THEY SAY I HAVE BUGS IN MY HAIR.

THEY SAY I'M POOR AND UGLY.

OH HONEY. KIDS ARE JUST MEAN. YOU'RE NOT UGLY. AND EVEN IF YOU WERE, IT WOULDN'T MATTER...

IT ONLY MATTERS HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU ARE ON THE INSIDE.

SHE'S WAKING NOW...

ALERT MS. CRISTY...

WHA... WHEEEERRREEE...

...THE ...FUCK AM I?!

WHERE'S VLAD?! IF YOU HURT HIM, I'LL KILL EVERY LAST FUCKING ONE OF YOU! LET ME GO RIGHT GODDAMN NOW!

MS. HACK, I PROMISE YOU, YOUR PARTNER IS JUST FINE. HE'S SLEEPING COMFORTABLY IN A BED JUST DOWN THE HALL.

LET. ME. GO.

GENTLEMEN, PLEASE LET MS. HACK GO.

MS. HACK, I'M GOING TO REMIND YOU THAT EVERYONE IN THIS ROOM IS HOLDING A STUN GUN CAPABLE OF KNOCKING YOU BACK INTO LA-LA LAND, AND REQUIRING ANOTHER CHANGE OF CLOTHES.

WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?

I'M EMILY CRISTY. I HEAD A RESEARCH DIVISION OF CEUTOTECH, INC.

CRISTY... I REMEMBER YOU. YOU'RE THE MISS AMERICA WHO BARED HER GOODS FOR THAT PORN MAG.

THAT'S ME. THE AMERICAN DISGRACE. PAST INDISCRETIONS ASIDE, I WOULD LIKE TO APOLOGIZE FOR THE ROUGH TREATMENT.

OUR RESOURCE ACQUISITIONS TEAM MAY HAVE OVERDONE IT A BIT.

APPARENTLY, BASED ON YOUR PREVIOUS WORK, THEY THOUGHT IT WAS NECESSARY TO TRAP YOU LIKE A WILD ANIMAL.

OH, DON'T APOLOGIZE. THE TRUTH IS, IF I DON'T LIKE THE REASON I'M HERE, I'M GOING TO RIP YOUR FUCKING THROAT OUT WITH MY TEETH.

AHEM... WELL, THEN, UH, LET'S NOT WASTE ANY TIME.

WELCOME TO OUR *REGENERATIVE RESEARCH DIVISION.*

DANGER

VOICE/FINGER PRINT ID: VALID.

WELCOME DR. CRISTY.

OR AS WE LIKE TO CALL IT...

...THE MONSTER CLOSET.

OH GOD.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

MORTIMER STRICK

X-O

WAKING MAN

HIBACHI DEVIL

ACID ANGEL

WE KEEP THEM IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION. THEIR CHAMBER IS FILLED WITH HYDROGEN SULFIDE GAS, WHILE A LOW FREQUENCY HUM DISTRACTS THEIR UPPER BRAIN FUNC--

YOU'RE COLLECTING SLASHERS?!

YOU ARE DEAD, BITCH!

DROP HER NOW!

YOU CAN'T CONTAIN THEM!

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU THINKING?

WAIT. WAIT! SHOW HER.

LOOK...

WHAT?

IT'S SOME GUY. WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH ME NOT BEATING YOUR TIGHT ASS!?

WE'RE A PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY. EXPERIMENTAL COSMETICS. ADVANCED PLASTIC SURGERY.

IF YOU HELP US CAPTURE SLASHERS...

THAT FACE...

...COULD BE *VLAD'S.*

CEUTO TECH

PROCRASTI NATE DELIVERY

GEEZ... YOU GUYS HAVE SOME TIGHT SECURITY. WHAT DO YOU DO HERE?

MAKE UP, I GUESS. AS LONG AS THEY SIGN MY CHECKS I COULDN'T CARE LESS.

HEH... HAVE A GOOD DAY, MAN.

MUST BE DR. MEDOR'S BIRTHDAY. ASSHOLES NEVER TELL ME. WELL, BETTER MAKE SURE THIS TEDDY BEAR ISN'T A DEADLY...

WEAPON?

WELL, WE DEFINITELY DO NOT ALLOW STEAK KNIVES...

WHAT THE!?

AAAHHH!!

AAAAAAH!

SHUNK!

SHUNK! SHUNK! SHUNK!

YOU'RE OVER THE HILL!

ERRMMM... SOFT BATCH RULES MY ASSHOLE.

WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON EXPANDING HIS VOCABULARY.

MR. VLAD, I WANTED TO APOLOGIZE FOR THE TASERS...

HE'S FINE. HE'LL BE DISTRACTED BY THE KEEBLER ELVES FOR AT LEAST FIVE MINUTES.

LET'S GET ON WITH IT.

CEUTOTECH IS THE CREATOR OF THE HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL "LEGALLY BARE" SKIN CREME, WHICH YOU MAY REMEMBER FROM THE SLOGAN "LOOK BARELY LEGAL FOREVER."

TO REMAIN COMPETITIVE, OUR RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT DEPARTMENT WAS ENCOURAGED TO EXAMINE ANY POSSIBLE SOURCES WHICH COULD GIVE US AN EDGE.

HERBAL REMEDIES, HYPOTHETICAL SCIENCES... ANYTHING TO HALT THE DEGENERATIVE PROCESS. AND THAT'S WHEN WE DISCOVERED...

...THEM.

WE DIDN'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT THEY WERE, BUT WE KNEW THAT THEY WERE ABLE TO RETURN FROM A COMPLETE BODILY SHUTDOWN, AS WELL AS RESIST A VARIETY OF PHYSICAL DAMAGE.

THE MEDICAL AND COSMETIC APPLICATIONS OF THESE PEOPLE IS SIMPLY UNPARALLELED.

WE HIRED A TEAM OF PROFESSIONALS TO CAPTURE THESE MEDICAL MIRACLES.

BUT, FOR ALL THE TIME AND EFFORT WE PUT INTO IT, WE'VE ONLY BEEN ABLE TO CAPTURE FIVE IN THE PAST TWO YEARS, AT THE EXPENSE OF THIRTY-TWO MEN AND WOMEN.

THE SUBJECTS'... DISPOSITIONS, MAKE THEM DIFFICULT TO CAPTURE.

AND THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT WITH US.

YOU CAN'T HOLD THESE THINGS, YOU CAN'T MAKE THEM WORK FOR YOU.

WE'RE LEAVING. VLAD, GRAB HER.

FUCK YOU. *FUCK* YOUR OFFER, AND *FUCK* THIS PLACE.

BEFORE WE LEAVE, WE'RE GONNA KILL YOUR "PETS." I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU PEOPLE WERE THINKING.

WHAT DID YOU DO TO THE GUARD?

HE SAWS THE LOGS.

BWEOOO

BWEOOO

BWEOOO

YOU CAN'T KEEP THE MONSTER...

...IN THE CLOSET.

BWEOOO

BWEOOO

BWEOOO

VROOOOOOOMMM!

WARNING

WOOOOOSH!

URRRRRRRNNNN...

FWUM!

THE WAAAAKING MAN... WAKES!

SWEET! I DIDN'T THINK YOU GUYS WOULD EVER WAKE UP!

NAP TIME'S OVER! NOW IT'S PLAY TIME!

BWEOOO
BWEOOO
BWEOO
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?!
THAT ALARM... IT MEANS THAT SOMEONE WOKE "THEM" UP.
DAMN! I KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO SAY THAT.
SOMETIMES BEING RIGHT CHEWS FUCK, YES?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
WE CAN CHECK THE SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS IN HERE.
CEUTO TECH SECURITY
OH GOD...
CASSSSSSSIEEE...
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?! A TEDDY BEAR!?!
I DON'T KNOW...
IT KNOWS WE'RE WATCHING!

ASHLEY?

HOW DO WE GET OUT OF HERE?!

ALL... ALL THE EXITS ARE ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

AND THE SLASHERS ARE ON THE FOURTH FLOOR. WE'RE ON THE 3RD.

WUMP! WUMP! WUMP! WUMP! WUMP!

THEY ARE ABOVE US...

THEY KNOW WHERE WE ARE!

WUMP!

AIEEEE!

WHAT THE HELL?

UNF... MORTIM...

HUNH... MORTIMER STRICK...

HEY KIDS! GIVE MORTIMER SOME HEAD! WHEEE!

RUN VLAD! WE'VE GOT TO GET THESE TWO BUTT WADS OUT OF HERE!

AWW, C'MON! THAT WAS A HELL OF A TRICK! AT LEAST GIVE UNCLE MORTY...

...A HAND!!!

AGH!

BRZAAAP!

SUCK VOLTS, BOZO!

OH GOD, OH GOD, OH GOD.

WHAT?!

THE RESEARCH STAFF... THE GUARDS... THEY'RE ALL ON THE FIFTH FLOOR.

DAMN IT! YOU ASSHOLES! I SHOULD LEAVE YOU ALL HERE! WOULD THAT TEACH YOU A LESSON?!

I WILL GO--

NO.

ASHLEY KNOWS WHERE I AM. HE WAS IN MY MIND.* HE CAN SENSE ME.

HE'LL SEND THE SLASHERS SOON. I'LL GO ALONE... LEAD THEM AWAY, THEN FIND A DIFFERENT WAY OUT.

VLAD, KEEP AN EYE ON THESE IDIOTS... GET THEM OUT OF HERE.

*SEE HACK/SLASH: LAND OF LOST TOYS #3

NO! THERE IS TOO MANY! YOU HAVE NO WEAPONS!

DON'T ARGUE WITH ME, VLAD. IT'S THE ONLY WAY.

THIS EATS BULLSHIT!

YEAH, TELL ME ABOUT IT.

MY TOOLS.

HAI!

HMM... THEY GOTTA HAVE ALL OF YOUR WEAPONS AND STUFF AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE.

HMMM... PERHAPS IN HERE?

AW CRAP. THAT'S A BIG DOOR. WE'LL NEVER GET IN THERE.

MY ACID CAN BURN THROUGH.

OH YEAH? WHERE ARE WE GONNA GET THAT?

I MAKE IT MYSELF. FROM MY OWN BODY.

DO IT. OR DIIIIE.

IT'S NOT THAT EASY. I ONLY MAKE MY ACID UNDER THE RIGHT CONDITIONS.

I HAVE TO BE TURNED ON.

YEAH, MY OLD SPEAK N' SAY DIDN'T WORK UNLESS I TURNED IT ON EITHER.

SOON...

MMMMMMMM!

OH!

OH!

OH! YES!

OOOOOOOOHHHHH...

MMMM... THERE YA GO, BOYS. YOURS FOR THE TAKING.

THAT'S *NOT* HOW I TURNED ON MY SPEAK N' SAY.

HEY, WHERE YOU GOING?

I PLAY... ALONE.

BIG JERK.

OH, DON'T WORRY. WE'LL HELP YOU.

TSSSSSSSSSSSSS

YOU AREN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO WANTS TO SETTLE UP WITH MS. HACK.

UHNNNN...

HE'S COMING TO.

GOOD. I DIDN'T HIT HIM THAT HARD. YES?

UNH... MS. CRISTY... WHAT'S GOING ON?

UM, WELL, IT'S A LONG STORY REALLY.

HURNK!

THE ELEVATOR STOPPED!

HUAA...

OH GOD! THE LIGHTS!

OH!

MRF HRMMER ERF!!!*

*MOUTH FULL TRANSLATION- EAT YEAR HEART OUT, TOMMY SMOTHERS!

=SPTOO=

HERE TOOTS, HOLD THAT FOR ME!

AIEEEE!

YOU ARE ANNOYING.

HACHACHACHA! I'M GOING TO MAKE A BALLOON ANIMAL OUTTA YOUR ESOPHAGUS!

=UNF=

WHADDYA WANT, TOOTS? WEINER DOG?

OH JESUS...

WHOMP!

GIVE US A WIDDLE KISS...

MM! SMELLS LIKE DEAR OLD DAD!

AAAAH!!

HEY! I'M GONNA NEED THAT TO WRING SOME NECK!

FLIK!

WHAAAA! ALL THAT TIME AT THE GYM FOR NUTTIN!

WHAA! HEY MAN, I GET MOTION SICK!

WHOA! WHOA! WHOA!

HEY!!! DON'T LEAVE A CLOWN HANGIN!

HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE?!

THERE... THE DOOR TO THE SECOND FLOOR.

LET US GO. YES?

FIFTH FLOOR.

ALL OF YOU: JUST STAY HERE...

...I'LL LEAD THE CREEP THAT'S OUT HERE AWAY, SO YOU CAN ALL RUN FOR IT.

OH GOD...

...BE CAREFUL.

DON'T WORRY BEAUTIFUL.

I'M COMING BACK FOR *YOU.*

AIEEEE!

BLOODCURDLING SCREAMS. I MUST BE IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

X FOR MEN.

HERE. TRY THIS. IT HURTS. I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE.

FRZZZP!

RAAAAAAH!!

HHNNNNNN. O FOR WOMEN.

WHAM!

NUH... JESUS... AND THEY TEST ON ANIMALS, TOO? MAN, I'M HAVING A HARD TIME WANTING TO SAVE THESE PEOPLE!

THAT'S IT, YOU UGLY DOUCHE BAG... FOLLOW ME.

HNNNNN... I NEED YOU TO PLAY!

DING!
DING!
DING!

HNNNNN?

DING!
DING!
DING!

WHERRRRRE?

RAAAH!

RAAAAHHH!

911 EMERGENCY.

OH GOD,
OH GOD,
OH GOD...

...HURRY,
PLEASE!
PLEASE!

THEY'RE
RIGHT OUTSIDE
THE DOOR!

=HUNF=

SENT THE ELEVATOR TO THE ROOF, SO THAT'S FIVE FLOORS OF UNOBSTRUCTED WIDE OPEN AIR, YOU DICK.

AWWWW. BUNNIES!

YOU'RE SOOOO CUTE.

I JUST WANNA SQUEEEZE YOU.

KRK!

AWW... I BROKE HIM.

THE RABBIT SLEEPS FOR ETERNITY.

HIBACHI, WAKING GUY... THIS IS MY OLD FRIEND CASSIE.

LET'S BREAK *HER.*

EMILY. WE MUST MOVE... IT IS NOT SAFE HERE.

WAIT... I CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT THIS...

Fssssssss

...THE REGENERATION FORMULA WE CREATED FROM OUR RESEARCH ON THE SLASHERS...

NO.

KRRRSH!

VLAD!

YOU... YOU FREAK!

ONLY BAD COULD COME OF IT.

GIVE ME THE LAST ONE.

THE APPLICATIONS OF THIS LIQUID COULD BE GROUNDBREAKING! THINK OF ALL THE PEOPLE WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP!

WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO REVERSE AGING ALTOGETHER!

DO NOT MAKE ME TAKE IT.

NO... I NEED IT... YOU CAN'T TAKE IT...

OH EMILY. YOU'RE SO TRANSPARENT. YOU DON'T WANT TO HELP ANYONE...

...YOU JUST DON'T WANT YOUR ONLY LEGACY TO BE A TARNISHED MS. AMERICA CROWN AND A BADLY LIT SPANK RAG SPREAD.

FIFTH FLOOR

HEE HEE HEE!

GET 'ER!

NO WEAPONS. NO PLAN. NO WITTY ONE-LINER.

=AGH=

I'M JUST ANOTHER GIRL ABOUT TO BE GUTTED BY A MANIAC--

SHRIIIP

HA HA HA HA HA!

UNLESS SHE THINKS OF A REALLY CREATIVE WEAPON.

NOT MY BEST, BUT IT'LL DO IN A PINCH.

SPULTCH!!!

OWW... DAMN... I'M LOSING A LOT OF...

=GHYAAAH=

BLOOD?

OOOH... YOU'RE A BIG ONE. AND YOU'RE GOING TO DO WHATEVER I SAY, OR I'LL SLIT MS. AMERICA'S NECK WIDER THAN HER FAKE SMILE.

FIRST, I CAN'T HAVE YOU RUNNING OFF.

=AUUGH=

SHUK!!

NO!

I WANNA SEE YOU MELT... I WANNA SEE YOUR INSIDES AND SMELL THE BURNING OF YOUR FLESH.

LET ME DO WHATEVER I WANT TO YOU, BIG BOY, AND I'LL FIX THE BITCH UP. I DON'T USUALLY KILL WOMEN ANYWAY.

HURRRR...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, STUD? DON'T YOU WANNA GET WET WITH ME?

HURK!

SHUK!!!

X'S AND O'S. O FOR WOMEN.

TO PLAY THE GAME, WE NEED AN X.

UNNNNGHH...

GHRRRAAAAH!

BRAAAAAH!

PLONG!!!

RAAAAG!

BEEP BEEP! BEEP BEEP!

SPLORCH

THIS IS VLAD. YES?

VLAD. UNG... GET OUT OF HERE... TAKE EMILY... DON'T COME BACK. EVERYONE ELSE IS DEAD...

NO! I AM COMING FOR YOU.

NO... ASHLEY'S GONNA GET ME.

BUT, IF I'M GONNA GO, I'M TAKING THAT FUZZY BASTARD WITH ME.

YOU MUST COME WITH ME. IT MAY NOT BE SAFE...

UNGH... VLAD... I'M SORRY.

NEVER SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT *THEM* HERE. I SHOULD NEVER HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE.

I THOUGHT WITH YOU AND CASSIE HERE, I COULD MAKE THIS WORK...

...I WANTED TO PAY YOU... SO YOU TWO COULD HAVE AS MUCH OF A NORMAL LIFE AS POSSIBLE...

...AND ...I WANTED TO FIX YOUR FACE.

YOU COULD MAKE ME LOOK NORMAL?

THERE IS NO "IF." ONLY NOW...

...AND I MUST FIND CASSANDRA.

YES... WE COULD HAVE DONE IT... IF ONLY...

DING!

B 1 2 3 4 5 6

UHRRRN...

NO... VLAD... YOU'RE HURT.

YES... SO ARE YOU. STAY HERE. TAKE THIS.

VLAD... IF I DIE...

YOU'LL NEED THIS. THERE'S A SECRET EXIT. BASEMENT... SOUTH HALL... DOOR E...

OH GOD. THIS IS ALL MY FAULT. I'M USELESS...

...I'M GOING TO DIE...

NO...

NO, I'M NOT..

CASSIE. YOU'RE SILLY. YOU CAN'T HIDE... I CAN FEEL YOUR MIND WHEREVER YOU GO. BESIDES, YOU LEFT A NICE TRAIL.

C'MON YOU FUCKER... JUST A LITTLE CLOSER.

WHY DO YOU RESIST THE GREAT SLEEP!?

=WAAAUGH=

I WISH WE WERE IN THE DREAM WORLD. SO I COULD PLAY WITH ALL MY TOYS.

BUT, YOUR STUPID MOM CHOPPED ME UP, AND NOW I'M STUCK IN THIS STUPID TEDDY BEAR. AND... I HATE YOU, YOU STUPID-HEAD.

YOU SUCK AT SPEECHES, RUXPIN. JUST FUCKING DO IT.

ITAI!

NAN DESU KA?

WHERE!?

GHYAAAH!!

WHERE IS SHE!?

WHERE IS SHE!?

AH... WHAT NOW?!

VLAD!

GET HIM, WAKING GUY! HE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE ANY COOL WEAPONS!

HEE HEE... THIS IS COOLER THAN "YU-GI-OH!"

GERONIMO, MOTHER FUCKER!

POK!

AAAAH!

=UFF=

=OOOF=

RRAAGH!

ALLOW ME TO END THE NIGHTMARE...

GRRAAAH!

...THAT IS YOUR LIFE!

KRAK!

=UHHHH=

OUTSIDE.

CEUTO TECH

SIR! WE HAVEN'T RECEIVED ANY FURTHER CALLS FROM INSIDE.

WE'RE STILL WORKING ON A WAY TO GET INTO THE BUILDING.

IT'S IN COMPLETE LOCK DOWN!

IT'S LIKE THEY WERE MORE CONCERNED ABOUT SOMEONE GETTING OUT THAN THEY WERE ABOUT ANYONE GETTING IN!

C'MON HERO... UNNGHF... LOOKS LIKE I'M SAVING YOU *THIS TIME.*

MOVE!

SCHUNK

OW! NOW I'M REALLY MAD!

WHO WANTS--

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO SAVE...

SHUK!!

WHY DID YOU DO THIS?

EMILY! VLAD SAYS YOU HAVE A LIGHTER!

I TURNED THE GAS ON. PLACE IS FILLED WITH IT... WE CAN LIGHT IT FROM THE ELE--

BEWARE. SHE MAY HAVE TAKEN THE FORMULA--

WHAM!

YOU! IT'S YOUR FAULT!

JESUS!

NUUUHH...

HOLD HER! SHE'S MINE!

NO!

GO... G-GET OUT...

...CAN'T THINK CLEAR FOR... L-LONG.

C'MON VLAD... NO TIME TO ARGUE.

WAIT... ONE MORE THING...

WHAT!?

NOW... LET US FUCK THE SHIT OUT OF HERE.

FOOL! YOU SQUANDER THE GIFTS OF THIS LIFE!

UNGH... PAR... FOR THE COURSE.

SHINK!!

WHAKOOM

LATER.

GO MY FRIEND... YOU ARE FREE.

YOU BIG SOFTY.

EMILY TOLD ME SOMETHING. SHE SAID SHE HAD OFFERED TO FIX MY FACE FOR OUR SERVICE.

YOU DID NOT TELL ME.

WHY?

VLAD, I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYONE OFFERS... WE CAN'T TRUST ANYONE ELSE. IT'S JUST YOU AND ME.

BESIDES, IT'S LIKE MY MOM USED TO SAY...

...SHE'D SAY...

..."TOUGHEN UP YOU WHINY BRAT. WE'VE GOT OTHER THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT."

CEUTO TECH

OH GOD...

...SURVIVOR!

UHHHH...

PARAMEDICS WILL BE HERE IN A SECOND! STAY CALM!

DON'T TOUCH ME! DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM!?

DO NOT CROSS

I'M THE IDEAL...

...THE DREAMS OF A MILLION GIRLS.

I'M MISS AMERICA.

DO NOT CROSS

AND THERE SHE IS, WALKING ON AIR, SHE IS...

THE END.

HACK/SLASH

VS CHUCKY

2 MONTHS AGO.

HOLLYWOOD

...ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL...

RTH HOLLYWOOD
CE STATION

[21] GINA

...ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL...

#1 COP!

...ALL THINGS WISE AND WONDERFUL...

HEE HEE.

PERFECT.

AHEM

...THE LORD GOD MADE THEM ALL.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

TODAY.

THIS IS THE PLACE?

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT, CASSANDRA.

SHUNK!

NO ONE TAKES OUT A DOOR LIKE YOU, *VLAD.*

KISS IT

NEW ORLEANS. IT'S A STEP UP FROM SPRING BREAK IN FLORIDA, I GUESS.

WE KNOW IT'S YOU, ***LAURA.*** THE CLUES YOU LEFT WERE NONE TOO SUBTLE.

THE RIDDLER, YOU AIN'T.

C'MON, LAURA. LET THE KID GO. YOU ALREADY PULLED THE "JILTED GIRL GETS REVENGE ON FORNICATORS" THING.*

*SEE HACK/SLASH: GIRLS GONE DEAD!

BESIDES, THIS GUY IS THE STAR QUARTERBACK FOR EAST JEFFERSON HIGH.

HE WOULDN'T HAVE GONE FOR YOU EVEN WHEN YOU DIDN'T LOOK LIKE SAUTEED SHIT.

PERHAPS IT IS BEST NOT TO MAKE HER MADDER, YES?

IF THERE'S ONE THING I KNOW ABOUT OUR FRIEND LAURA LOCHS, IT'S THAT--

--INCOMING!

A FOOTBALL?

IT'S A FOOTBALL ALL RIGHT. BUT, I DON'T THINK THIS BALL QUALIFIES AS A "PIG SKIN". LAURA, YOU TWISTED BITCH.

MMMMUUUU...

...OH GOD... HELP ME.

THE BOY!

VLAD! WAIT--

BOY. DON'T MOVE. WE WILL HELD YOU.

DOOON MOOOOOV...

HEEEELLLLLLP...

=GHYUH=

WHAT THE--?!

WHERE THE HELL DID *THEY* COME FROM?!

VLAD! GODDAMMIT!

MNUH...

=WHUNGH=

FUCK!

IT'S A TRAP!

HUUULLPPP...

BRAGH!!

SO GOOD TO SEE YOU, CASSIE.

=COFF=

IT CERTAINLY TOOK YOU AWHILE.

=COFF=

BATMAN, YOU AIN'T.

OH, HOW I'VE WAITED FOR THIS. SUCH A STRONG BODY! AND HOW IT WILL KILL CASSIE TO SEE ME INSIDE YOU.

=URRH=

WHAT? YOU SPEAK--

=URRH=

--NONSENSE!

QUIET, VLAD.

THERE'S A REASON WHY CASSIE USUALLY DOES ALL THE TALKING.

ADA DUE DAMBALLA, GIVE ME THE POWER. I BEG OF YOU...

KISS IT.

NO! YOU SPOOKY BITCH! LEAVE HIM ALONE!

THIS TIME, WHEN I KILL YOU, I'LL MAKE GODDAMN SURE YOU'RE FUCKING DEAD--

=HUCK=

DEEAAAADDD.

ADA DUE DAMBALLA, GIVE ME THE POWER, I BEG OF YOU!

LEVEU MERCIER DEPOU SHOU!

SACOUSE ENTIENE LEDEVOU DEMOBOCHEU! ADELEU BWASEU DAMBALLA!

=URRRH=

ADALEU BWASEU DAMBALLA!

VLAAADD!

NUUNNNNGH...

HUNH HUNH HUN...

HA HA! HA HA HA! HA!

:WOOF:

NOT USED TO THIS FORM YET.

NO! YOU BITCH!

YES! HA! HA! IT WORKED! YOU MAY HAVE DESTROYED MY ORIGINAL BODY...

...BUT THIS ONE IS FAR. FAR BETTER!

WHAK!

NOT YET.

GET IT OVER WITH. KILL ME.

YOU ARE... SO...

...DEAD.

LATER.

I AM... A GIRL?!

SHE SWITCHED YOUR BODIES. LIKE A GODDAMN ROB SCHNEIDER COMEDY.

MAN... I FORGOT HOW BAD IT HURTS TO GET PUNCHED BY YOU... WELL, YOUR FIST ANYWAY.

HER BODY... SO MUCH PAIN.

YEAH, I BURNED HER ALIVE. GOD, VLAD... I'M SORRY.

WE'LL FIND YOU... HIM... SIGH. HER.

SHE WANTS US TO. SHE LEFT THIS CARD. SOME VOODOO SHOP. I'M SURE IT'LL LEAD US RIGHT TO HER AND ANOTHER TRAP.

LET ME OUTTA HERE!

SOMEONE... INSIDE... CHURCH.

YEAH, I HEARD IT. PROBABLY ANOTHER TRAP. WE'VE BEEN BAMBOOZLED ONCE TODAY.

I'M GOING TO CHECK IT OUT, BUT YOU STAY HERE AND REST.

C'MON! I'M IN THE DAMN FLOOR!

THERE WE GO. JUST LIKE THAT. AW, YEAH! FRESH AIR!

CHUCKY.

CASSIE HACK.

YOU LITTLE BASTARD! YOU CAN STAY HERE AND ROT--

NO WAIT! HACK! WAIT! I CAN HELP YOUR BIG, UGLY FREAK OF A FRIEND!

THAT POLLYANNA BIMBO... LAURA. SHE STOLE MY AMULET AND USED IT TO DO THE SWITCHEROO.

GET ME OUTTA HERE, AND WE CAN FIND HER TOGETHER.

WE BOTH NEED THAT AMULET.

CHARLES LEE RAY. THE LAKESHORE STRANGLER. A BODY COUNT IN THE FORTIES, AT LEAST. YOU'RE ONE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS SLASHERS IN THE WORLD, STUCK IN THE BODY OF A TOY DOLL.

I'M NOT HELPING YOU DO ANYTHING EXCEPT DIE.

YEAH, AND YOU'RE CASSIE HACK, THE SLAYER OF KILLERS. YOU TOOK OUT SOME GOOD PSYCHOS. GUYS AFTER MY OWN HEART. I'D SOONER STICK THIS BLADE IN YOU THAN LOOK AT YA'.

BUT THAT CRAZY CHICK KEPT ME LIKE A PET MONKEY, TOOK MY AMULET, AND PUT A KNIFE IN ME BEFORE THROWING ME IN HERE.

I WANT HER AND MY AMULET. AND SO DO YOU. I CAN PUT THEM BACK IN THE RIGHT BODIES. YOU NEED ME.

FUCK YOU, DOLLY. I'M GOING TO GO GET SOME GASOLINE AND HAVE A CHUCKY-CUE.

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT. GO AHEAD, HACK. TORCH ME. BUT, WHEN SHE'S OUT THERE CHOPPING UP KIDS IN YOUR FRIEND'S BODY...

...REMEMBER THAT YOU BURNED THE ONLY CHANCE OF HELPING HIM.

SOON.

THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS. THERE'S BLOOD IN THE AIR, AND REVENGE IS ON THE WAY.

I APPRECIATE THE SAVE, HACK. IF I DON'T HAVE TO KILL YOU BEFORE THIS IS OVER, MAYBE I'LL LET YA RIDE THE CHUCK-TRUCK, IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

IF YOU DON'T SHUT YOUR LITTLE PLASTIC FACE, I'LL PUT MY FIST SO FAR UP YOUR ASS, YOU'LL BE MISTAKEN FOR HOWDY DOO--

=COFF=

=COFF=

=COFF=

URRRHHH...

URRRHHH...

JESUS! MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST PUT THE FREAK OUT OF HIS/HER MISERY.

THE BIMBO WAS ALWAYS MIXING ALL KINDS OF POTIONS.

HERBAL VOODOO STUFF. PAINKILLERS. WITHOUT 'EM SHE'D NEVER HAVE BEEN ABLE TO GET OUT OF BED.

IT'S PROBABLY WEARING OFF RIGHT ABOUT NOW.

OH, GOD. POOR VLAD! WHAT THE HELL DO I DO?

DON'T FRET, SWEET CHEEKS. CHARLES LEE RAY IS A MASTER OF VOODOO.

THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE, I'M GONNA LET IT SHINE!

The Power of Christ's Love!

C'MON! SING IT WITH ME!

THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE...

...I'M GONNA LET IT SHINE!

YOU GUYS ARE, LIKE, NO FUN.

SHE'S BACK.

SHIT, MAN. I'D RATHER SIT IN THE DARK THAN LISTEN TO THAT FREAK YAMMER.

HEELLLLOOO!

THERE ARE MY STARS! THE AUDIENCE IS ON ITS WAY. ARE YOU READY FOR YOUR BIG OPENING?

VLAD?

WHISKEY AND ASPIRIN? THAT'S YOUR BIG VOODOO POTION?!

WHERE DO YOU THINK *YOU'RE* GOING?

I'M GONNA GO GET YOUR WHISKEY. MAYBE GRAB MYSELF A SCOTCH AND A STROKE RAG.

YEAH? WHAT ABOUT THE ATTENDANT?

STRANGLIN' PRACTICE, OF COURSE. I'M RUSTY.

LOOK AT 'ER. NOT A CLUE THAT THIS IS HER LAST NIGHT ON EARTH...

MOVE FROM THIS VAN AND I WILL BLOW YOUR FACE OFF.

CLICK!

OOOOHH! LOOK'T THE BIG NUTS ON HACK. YOU KILL ME AND YOUR BUDDY IS A CRISPY-TEEN FOREVER.

YOU NEED THIS MORE THAN ME. YOU'RE GONNA LET ME DO WHATEVER I WANT--

RAH!

SMACK!

WHEN CHUCKY WANTS TO CHOKE, CHUCKY CHOKES!

THIS IS THE CHUCKY SHOW, HACK!

I'M THE STAR! WE DO IT MY WAY!

=UNGGHHK=

CLICK!

FLIP!

OOOH! WHERE WE GOIN'?

=NUUNH=

YAAH!

GAH!

SLAM!

=COFF=

=COFF=

=COFF=

OH THAT'S IT. NOW I'M GONNA GO ON A BONAFIDE SPREE...

NO. YOU WILL NOT.

I WANT MY OWN BODY BACK, YES.

BUT, MY LIFE IS NOT MORE IMPORTANT. I WILL DIE.

I WILL STAY TRAPPED HERE ALWAYS TO STOP YOU FROM HURTING BLONDE GIRL.

IF YOU THINK I WILL NOT KILL YOU...

...YOU ARE WRONG.

FINE. HACK, CALL OFF YOUR DOG...

"...LET'S GET THE STUFF AND GET OUT OF HERE."

HAVE A GOOD NIGHT! THANKS FOR STOPPING!

YEAH.

USED THE FIVE FINGER DISCOUNT ON THE WHISKY, EH, HACK?

SAVE A PILL AND A SWIG FOR ME. I GOT A SERIOUS RINGIN' IN MY HEAD.

YOU GUYS ARE REAL SWEET-LIKE. TAKIN' CARE OF EACH OTHER. MAKES ME WANNA PUKE.

YEAH, YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS BECAUSE G.I. JOE AND BARBIE DON'T WANT TO HANG OUT WITH YOU ANYMORE.

HARDY HAR.

PRETTY FUNNY, HACK. HEY, IS THIS THE CARD LAURA LEFT FOR YA?

PAPA SUGAR'S VOODOO SHOP

YEAH. *PAPA SUGAR.*

SHE MUST HAVE BEEN BUYING COMPONENTS AND POTIONS FROM HIM.

ZOMBIE MAKIN' SHIT. WHY?

I KNOW THE GUY. BROTHER OF MY OLD VOODOO TEACHER BACK IN CHICAGO.

STOLE A GIRL FROM ME ONCE.

WE NEED HIM FOR INFO ON LAURA'S CURRENT LOCATION. I'LL TALK TO HIM, AND THAT'S IT.

YEP. OF COURSE. WE DO IT YOUR WAY.

HEH HEH HEH. SMALL WORLD, EH?

PAPA SUGAR'S VOODOO SHOP

AWRIGHT, IT'S DAT TIME WHEN WE START THINKIN' BOUT HEADING HOME, FOLKS.

IN OTHER WORDS, SCOOT YA UGLY ASSES OUT OF MY SHOP.

HAH. PAP SUGAR KIDS. HE LOVES ALL YA!

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER DOLLAR.

PAPA SUGAR.

I NEED TO TALK TO YOU.

JAY-SUS!

YOU 'BOUT SCARED THE SHIT RIGHT OUTTA ME, DAWLIN'! WHAT DA FUCK YOU DOIN' HERE? STORE'S CLOSED! DIS IS MY HOME.

I KNOW. I NEED TO SPEAK TO YOU PRIVATELY. IT'S IMPORTANT.

IT'S ABOUT A CUSTOMER OF YOURS, A GIRL NAMED *LAURA LOCHS.*

NAWMALLY, I DON'T TAKE CONSULTATIONS WHEN MY HOME IS IN SUCH A DISARRAY. DOIN' A BIT A ' WORK ON THE WHOLE KITCHEN.

NOT ENOUGH ROOM FOR PAPA SUGAR TO COOK. ANYWAYS, YOU SEEM A PRETTY ENOUGH BOO, SO I'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION.

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW, DAWLIN'?

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT LAURA? WHAT DID SHE BUY FROM YOU?

NOW, I RUN A SHOP. I SELL PLASTIC SKULLS AND T-SHIRTS TO TOURISTS WHO COME TO GET A TASTE A' DA BIG EASY.

THEY WANT DA VOODOO DEY SEE IN HOLLYWOOD MOVIES. ZOMBIES AND DOLLS WITH NEEDLES IN DEM... BUT PAPA SUGAR KNOWS DA REAL VOODOO.

MAKE NO MISTAKE, DAWLIN', VOODOO IS REAL. IT'S A RELIGION OF HEALIN' AN' LOVE. SO WHEN MS. LAURA CAME TO ME WITH HER CONDITION...

...I FELT SORRY FOR HER. I USED SOME OF MY CONNECTIONS... FOUND HER SOME MEDICATIONS FOR HER TERRIBLE PAINS.

PAPA SUGAR IS NOTHING IF NOT A COMPASSIONATE MAN. DEY DON'T CALL ME SUGAR FOR BEING SOUR, YA HEAR.

THAT'S A REAL NICE STORY.

NOW THAT WE'VE SQUEEZED OUT THE BULLSHIT, WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHERE SHE IS, SO I CAN KILL HER ZOMBIE SLAVES AND THEN FORCE THE LITTLE BITCH TO GIVE MY FRIEND'S BODY BACK?

ZOMBIES? HA HA. YOU BEEN WATCHIN' TOO MANY OF DEM HOLLYWOOD MOVIES WE WAS TALKIN' ABOUT.

AIN'T NO ZOMBIES IN VOODOO, BOO. MAYBE YOU PLAYIN' A JOKE ON SUGAR.

BUT, I GOT MS. LAURA'S INFORMATION IN MY OFFICE DOWN DA HALL. YOU CAN COME WITH, IF YA LIKE.

NOW YOU GOT TO PROMISE OL' PAPA SUGAR YOU AIN'T GONNA DO NOTHIN' CRAZY.

MS. LAURA WOULDN'T NEVER HURT A FLEA, F'TRUE.

PO' PO' THING.

NOW, WHERE DAT...

...WHERE DAT...

SPSSST!

=GHUH=

=COFF= =COFF= =COFF= =COFF= =GHYUH= WHAZ? =COFF=

REAL STUPID, DAWLIN'. REAL STUPID. I KNEW YOU WAS A COMIN'. MS. LAURA SAID I SHOULD GET YOU THE ADDRESS AND GET YOU ON YA WAY.

BUT, SHE WANTED TO MAKE SURE I HAD FUN WITH YA FIRST. LIL' LAGNIAPPE FOR OL' SUGAR.

I LIKE TO COOK. I'M KNOWN 'ROUND THESE PARTS FO' MY SPECIAL RECIPES. GOT ONE THAT BURNS OUT FOLKS' BRAIN... LEAVES JUST DA REAL BASICS. MAKES 'EM NICE AND SUGGESTIBLE, AND HUNGRY FOR FRESH MEAT.

PERFECT SERVANTS FOR DIRTY BUSINESS. THE ONE I GOTCHOO WIT' IS MY PERSONAL FAVORITE, F'TRUE.

NUUHH...

EVER SEE DAT MOVIE "SERPENT AND DA RAINBOW"?

HOLLYWOOD GOT DAT ONE RIGHT. SEE, DIS DRUG TURNS OFF YOUR ENTIRE BODY BUT YOUR BRAIN.

YA CAN FEEL IT, YA CAN SEE IT... BUT YA CAN'T DO NOTHIN'...

WELCOME TO NAWLINS', DAWLIN'...

...DIS HERE IS SOME *REAL* VOODOO.

HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE!
WHAT DA?
WHO DERE?
HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE!
SUGAR. YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED AT ALL. STILL FAT, UGLY, AND TRYING TO STEAL MY GIRL.
WHO ARE YA? WHAT ARE YA DOING IN MY HOME?
YOU WANT DA GIRL? SUGAR MAYBE CUT YOU A DEAL?
AIN'T NO DEALS, SUGAR.
DEAR GOD.
FOUND YOUR LITTLE SELF VOODOO DOLL. BEEN STICKING PINS IN IT SINCE I GOT HERE. IT DON'T WORK FOR SHIT.
WHO ARE YOU?!
CHARLES LEE RAY. GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, SUGAR.
NOW, I SAY WE SKIP THE MIDDLE MAN. WHO NEEDS THE DOLL...
...WHEN YA' CAN PUT THE PINS RIGHT INTO THE MAN?

HA HA AH AH AAH HA AAH!

HA HA AH AH AAH HA AAH!

HA HA AH AH AAH HA AAH!

SHUK !!

AAAGGHHHH!

WHOMPH!

OH CHRRRIIISSS!

JUST WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? WHAT'S YOUR PLAN? SAVE EVERYONE ELSE?

RUN OFF INTO THE BAYOU? DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S GATORS OUT THERE IN THE BAYOU.

FUCK FUCK FUCK!

THAT WAS A NICE LITTLE ESCAPE YOU PULLED.

I'LL UNDERSTAND IF YOU'VE GOT A TOUCH OF STAGE FRIGHT BEFORE YOUR BIG DEBUT.

FUCK YOU, YOU NUTTY BITCH!

OVER 9000

YAAAAH!!!!

OH CHRIS. I REALLY NEED YOU TO GO ON... THERE'S NO UNDERSTUDIES FOR THIS ROLE. CASSIE HACK SAVED YOU ONCE...*

*SEE HACK/SLASH: LAND OF LOST TOYS.

...NOW I NEED YOU TO HELP ME SAVE HER SOUL.

JUST CALL ME NURSE CHUCKY.

AAAHHHHHH!

=HUNNNHH=

=HUNNH=

OH QUIT BEING SO DRAMATIC, HACK. I GET TO DO THE "LIVING DEATH" EVERY TIME SOME "HERO" TRASHES MY BODY.

WIPE YOUR FACE. YOU'RE DROOLING.

THE ADDRESS?

GOT IT WHILE YOU WERE TAKING YOUR BEAUTY NAP.

JESUS, WHAT'D YOU DO TO SUGAR?

I NAILED HIM. LET'S GO.

THIS IS THE PLACE.

Power of Christ's Love!

I KNOW YOU SAVED ME FROM SUGAR. BASICALLY A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH.

THANKS FOR THAT. BUT IT CHANGES *NOTHING.*

ONCE WE GET THAT AMULET, OUR DEAL IS OVER.

I PROMISE: I *WILL* KILL YOU.

YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY, HACK. BESIDES, I ONLY SAVED YOU 'CUZ I DON'T WANT TO TAKE ON YOUR PARTNER'S BIG OGRE BODY ALONE.

AND YOU WILL NOT BE ALONE.

VLAD, YOU'RE WEAK... AND SHIT-FACED. STAY IN THE VAN.

NO... IT IS *MY* BODY.

BESIDES, SOMEONE MUST OPEN THE DOOR, YES?

CHA-CHUNK

BA-BOOM!

LAURA! WE'RE HERE. WHATEVER YOU PLAN ON DOING TO US, YOU CAN GET IT OVER WITH!

AH. CASSIE. YOU'RE SO STRONG. SO BRAVE. NO WONDER GOD WANTS ME TO SAVE YOU.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF SIN. MORE SO THAN I EVER IMAGINED. I KNEW I HAD TO GET TO THE ROOT OF SIN. SO I CAME HERE. THIS IS A CITY OF FORNICATION AND BLACK MAGICK. A CITY WHOSE MARDIS GRAS FESTIVAL DWARFS THE VULGARITY OF SPRING BREAK.

GOD TRIED TO DESTROY THIS CITY FOR ITS INDECENCY WITH A FLOOD OF MANY WATERS. BUT. IT HAS COME BACK LIKE SOME UNHOLY INFECTION. THAT WAS MY SIGN THAT THIS WAS TO BE THE ULTIMATE STAGING GROUND.

I KNEW MY OWN BODY WAS TOO WEAK AND PAINED TO ACCOMPLISH SUCH A GOAL. SO I FOLLOWED GOD'S PATH 'TIL IT LEAD ME TO LOS ANGELES WHERE I DISCOVERED THAT DEMON AND USED HIS POWERS FOR GOOD.

DEMON? THIS IS LAME. I WANNA STAB SOMETHING.

YOU DID A TERRIBLE THING TO ME, CASSANDRA HACK. CAUSED ME IMMENSE PAIN. HALTED MY WORK TO SPREAD GOD'S LOVE.

BUT. I HAVE CHRIST IN MY SOUL. I KNOW I HAVE TO FORGIVE YOU. AND I KNOW I HAVE TO MAKE YOU SEE THE TRUE SINS OF THIS WORLD.

YOU AND OTHERS CAN SAVE YOURSELVES BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

WELCOME TO THE INAUGURAL OPENING OF MY **HELLHOUSE.** WITHIN, YOU WILL FACE MANY OF THE EVILS OF THIS WORLD.

ABANDON HOPE, ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE.

ABORTION. HOMOSEXUALITY. DENIAL OF CHRIST'S LOVE. SEE IT. AND BE THE FIRST ONES TO BE SAVED.

OH GOD!

CHRIS, LISA, SKOTTIE... ALL THE PEOPLE WE'VE SAVED! SHE'S GOT THEM ALL INSIDE!

AIEEEE!

YOU MUST FIND LAURA.

WE WILL GO SAVE OUR FRIENDS.

THERE IS NO TIME. GO!

YOU AND CHUCKY?

HEY, AS LONG AS I GET TO STAB SOMETHING, I'M HAPPY.

AAAHHH!

HURRY!

YEAH, KEEP YELLING AT ME YA UGLY TRANS--

YOU SHALL NOT LIE WITH A MAN AS WITH A WOMAN. IT IS AN ABOMINATION!

IF A MAN LIESWITH A MAN AS A WOMAN, BOTH HAVE COMMITTED AN ABOMINATION, AND BOTH SHALL BE PUT TO DEATH.

SKOTTIE!

ANGH!

WHAPISH!

MNUH...

OW! GODAMMIT! I'M NOT EVEN FUCKING GAY!

BLAM!

HA HA! LOOK AT ME!

I'M FIGHTIN' EVIL DEAD!

C'MON, LAURA. I KNOW YOU DON'T WANT TO SAVE ME. YOU WANT ME DEAD.

I SPOILED YOUR BIG PLAN. I SET YOU ON FIRE. WHAT WAS IT LIKE TO SMELL YOUR OWN SKIN BURNING?

YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN SO SURE GOD WAS ON YOUR SIDE.

YOU SAY HE LEADS YOU TO ALL THE RIGHT PLACES AT THE RIGHT TIMES.

SO TELL ME...

...DID GOD LEAD YOU RIGHT INTO THE FIRE?

SHUT UP!

CHOK!

RAAAAGH!

=UNGF= FUCK!

IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT TO PLAY...

... THAT'S THE WAY WE'LL PLAY!

OH SHIT, MAN! SHE'S ALL FUCKIN' CLAMMY AND SHE WON'T STOP SQUIRMING!

JUST LIKE PROM, EH?

FUCK YOU, MIDGET.

VLAD? THAT'S YOU, RIGHT? I WAS SO WORRIED!

YES. IT IS VLAD.

OH VLAD. YOUR SKIN. DOES IT HURT?

HRM. LESS NOW THAT I AM FACED WITH SHIT.

VLAD! HEAD'S UP!

YOU'RE DRUNK?!

GHNUUUUUHHH!

OH.

YAAHHH!!

SCHLICK

MUH.

OH MAN. THAT IS FUCKING *NAAAASSTY!*

NO, NO, NO... PLEASE DON'T. PLEASE!

AAAHH!!

MNUUUHHHH...

HA HA HA!

NOW THAT'S GORE!

BLAM!

YOU SCREAM LIKE A CHICK.

I LIKE IT.

OH, GOD! I'VE SEEN YOU. IN JASON'S FILES. YOU'RE CHUCKY LEE RAY.

CHUCKY!

DON'T GET HOSTILE, TOOTSIE. I WAS JUST GONNA LET THE WIMP LOOSE.

HE'S ON OUR SIDE?

FOR NOW.

RAAGH!

YOU'RE RUINING IT! MY HELLHOUSE IS FOR YOU! IT'S YOU I NEED TO SAVE!

OH, LAURA... YOU'VE GOT ALL OF VLAD'S STRENGTH...

KRAK!

...BUT NONE OF HIS TECHNIQUE.

MAYBE. BUT I'VE ALSO GOT THE BODY OF YOUR ONLY FRIEND IN THE WORLD.

WOMP!

THWAK!

YOU'RE HOLDING BACK.

I DON'T NEED TO HOLD BACK. YOU CAN STILL ACCEPT SALVATION ON YOUR DEATH BED.

KRUNCH!

I KNOW I MUST FORGIVE. BUT I DESIRE REVENGE. GIVE ME STRENGTH, MY LORD.

FORGIVE ME, LORD. I AM NOT THAT STRONG.

KEEP... CLUCKIN'... BITCH...

KRAK!

COME ON, CASSIE. JUST ONE MORE QUIP...

HEY! FREAK! WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE QUIPPER?

CHUCKY!

IN THE PLASTIC.

ADALEU BWASEU DAMBALLA! ADA DUE DAMBALLA,

GIVE ME THE POWER, I BEG OF YOU!

NOOOO!!

LEVEU MERCIER DEPOU SHOU!

NO!

NO, YOU MUST NOT INTERRUPT THE SPELL!

SACOUSE ENTIENE LEDEVOU DEMOBOC--

=OOOF=

=KOFF=

NYAAAHHH!!!

=KOFF=

COMPLETE IT!

ADELEU BWASEU DAMBALLA!

BRAKOOM!

HAH! IT WORKED!

I'M THE HERO OF THE FRIGGIN' DAY.

GONNA HAVE TO FIX THAT. A LITTLE OF THE OLD ANTIDOTE, AND SOME VOODOO...

...AND *BOOM!* VLAD, OL' BOY, WE'RE GONNA' PUT THAT BODY TO SOME GOOD USE!

HA HA HA HA HA HA!

HA HA HA-- HUH?

CHUUUUCKY!!!

WHY DIDN'T YOU STAY DEAD? I STABBED YOU! I LOCKED YOUR BODY AWAY!

IT'S WHAT I DO, BABY. I ALWAYS COME BACK. BURN ME, CHOP ME UP. I ALWAYS COME BACK.

NOT THIS TIME!

RAAHH!

NO!

BLAM!

CASSIE!

HOW BAD ARE YOU HURTZ?!

UNNNGH...

THAT SOUNDS BAD.

NOW *THAT* WAS A RIDE! LITTLE FARTHER THAN I THOUGHT.

BUT IT LOOKS LIKE YOU FELL *FARTHER.* SUCKS TO BE YOU!

OOH... A BROKEN BACK! I BET THAT HURTS.

UNGH NUHH...

MNUUUHHHH...

UNGH UNGH UNGH...

AIEEEE!

MNNUUUHH...

HA! HAHA HAH!

IT'S BEEN *REAL*, SWEET CHEEKS. DON'T SLEEP TOO LIGHTLY.

WE'LL BE SEEING EACH OTHER AGAIN. TOODLES!

CHUCKY!

OOOOH, BUZZ KILL!

CASSIE, LET HIM GO. YOU CAN BARELY WALK.

I NEVER BREAK A PROMISE.

I'VE GOT MORE OF THE ANTIDOTE IN THE VAN. GIVE IT TO VLAD. I'VE GOT A PROMISE TO KEEP.

GHYAH!

OF ALL THE PLACES. A FUCKING SWAMP. I COULD SCREAM. I COULD...

AAAAGHHHHHH!

I KNOW YOU'RE OUT HERE, CHUCKY!

YOU CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR!

COME OUT!

COME OUT...

GHYAH!

SHUNK!!

AH, WHO AM I KIDDIN'? I COULDN'T LEAVE WITHOUT KILLIN' YOU.

KRAK!

AAAAHHHH!!!

SPLOOSH!!

UNF

WHAK!

DUNH DUNH DUNH DUNUUH!

AAAGH!

SHRIIIP!

THIS IS *IT*, HACK!

YOU'LL NEVER WASTE ANOTHER PSYCHO.

FREDDY, JASON, MICHAEL... THEY DON'T GOT *NOTHIN'* ON *ME!*

YOU JUST HELPED ME GO TO THE TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN!

AANHHH!

CHOMP!

NNAHHH!

I TOLD YOU BEFORE... I'M NOT...

...HELPING YOU DO ANYTHING... BUT DIE...

LATER...

BAYOU INN

YEAH! DIE MOTHER FUCKER!

SCREW YOU, MAN! YOU CHEATED!

WHATEVA!

I'M THE GALAGA-MASTER, BITCH!

HURR HURR HURR HURR...

YEAH, I KNOW IT HURTS.

BUT, YOU'VE GOT NEW ORLEANS SWAMP WATER IN THERE, AND THAT'S JUST REALLY UNSANITARY.

=UNGH=

NO PROBLEM, DOC.

ARE YOU... OKAY?

YEAH. WE GOT LAURA.

I'M NOT LOOKING FORWARD TO HEADING BACK TO THE SWAMP TO DIG THROUGH GATOR SHIT TO MAKE SURE CHUCKY IS DEAD, BUT...

NO, CASSIE... ARE *YOU* OKAY?

OH, AND THIS IS GONNA HURT...

WELL, I HURT. EVERYWHERE.

I DON'T EVER WANT TO FIGHT VLAD AGAIN. I DON'T EVEN WANT TO HIGH-FIVE HIM.

GOOD THING I LEARNED ABOUT THIS ANCIENT VOODOO PAIN RELIEVER.

...

GUILTY. I FEEL REALLY FUCKING GUILTY.

JUST BY HAVING CONTACT WITH YOU, SKOTTIE AND CHRIS, I PUT YOU IN DANGER.

I'M FACING CREEPS THAT WON'T STAY DEAD AND ALWAYS WANT REVENGE.

I CAN'T GUARANTEE THE SAFETY OF ANYONE I MEET.

NOT EVEN VLAD.

NO ONE'S ASKING YOU TO, CASSIE.

NO ONE CAN GUARANTEE THE SAFETY OF ***ANYONE,*** HON. WE ***ALL*** KNOW THAT.

WE HAVE TO DO THE SAME THING AS EVERYONE ELSE:

ENJOY LIFE WHILE WE CAN, BECAUSE WE NEVER KNOW WHEN WE'RE GONNA GET HIT BY A BUS.

...

...OR BY AN EVIL, REANIMATED GOOD GUYS DOLL WITH A STEAK KNIFE...

MWA!

LATER...

THIS PLACE SUCKS, BILL. AND THIS SHOW IS GONNA SUCK, TOO...

...THERE AIN'T NO GATORS HERE.

LOOK, I'VE HAD ONE DREAM MY WHOLE LIFE: TO HAVE A CABLE TV SHOW ABOUT ME WRESTLIN' GATORS.

NOW, WITH STEVE IRWIN PASSIN' ON, DA NETWORKS ARE SCRAMBLIN' FOR A GOOD REPLACEMENT.

AND DAT'S GONNA BE ME, ***BILL BERGERON, DA GATOR RAIDER!***

THEN YOU'RE IN LUCK, RAIDER. THERE'S A GATOR RIGHT THERE!

YEAH! YOU RIGHT!

YAAAH!

GOOD GAWD! DIS GATOR'S DEADER THAN A DOORNAIL! SOMETHING DAMN TORE HIS GUTS OUT!

NOW I WUNNER WHAT KINDA CREATURE COULD DO DAT?

THE END.

HACK/SLASH™

COVER GALLERY

HACK/SLASH

BLOND

PUNISH
ME

CHRIS MADUENO 2006

BLONC

HACK/SLASH™

PIN-UPS

GIRLS GONE
NAUGHT
KISS IT!

PIN UP/ANDREA DIVITO

Kill
die

OXO

DOVE
2005
HAZKISCAN

VLAD
R.I.P.

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PIN UP/ANDREW BARR

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PIN UP/KATIE DeSOUSA

CASSIE

PIN UP/ANDREW RITCHIE

PIN UP/KARIM WHALEN & ZACH HOWARD

PIN UP/DANIEL LEISTER

PIN UP/TIM SEELEY & SEAN HARRINGTON

PIN UP/TIM SEELEY & SEAN HARRINGTON

PIN UP/CELOR

PIN UP/CHRIS ANDERSON

PIN UP TIM SEELEY & TRIONA FARRELL

PIN UP/JAY DE FOY & TRIONA FARRELL

PIN UP/TIM SEELEY

PIN UP/TIM SEELEY & TRIONA FARRELL

PIN UP/STEFANO CASELLI

PIN UP/TIM SEELEY

PIN UP/PAOLA SEELEY

Who will survive and who will clean up after them?

HACK/SLASH
SKETCHBOOK

5'8"
120 lbs

BREASTS ARE A B CUP OR SO... NOT JUICY BIG

LANKY BODY

HAIR IS KI... CROPPED ...AT-MAN FLOPPY

HUMP BACK W/ PROTRUDIN SHOU...

"THESE ARE MY FIRST DRAWINGS OF HACK/SLASH'S DARING DUO! MAN, HOW THEY'VE CHANGED.
CASSIE WAS NAMED CASSIE IN THE VERY BEGINNING...BUT THEN SOMEONE TOLD ME CASSIE WAS ALSO THE NAME OF THE MAIN CHARACTER IN CROSSGEN'S ROUTE 666. I DECIDED I'D NAME HER ANDREA (AND! FOR SHORT). BUT, WITHIN A DAY OR TWO, I HATED THAT, SO I CHANGED IT BACK TO CASSIE. CROSSGEN WENT OUT OF BUSINESS ANYWAY. LATER I PICKED UP A ROUTE 666 TRADE FOR HALF PRICE. IT WAS PRETTY DAMN GOOD, THOUGH MY CASSIE'D BEAT THEIR CASSIE'S ASS."

"THIS IS MY FAVORITE DRAWING STEFANO HAS DONE OF CASSIE. IT'S JUST SMOKING HOT. I'M STILL NOT EXACTLY SURE WHO THE DECAPITATED BLUE GUY IS. CRAZY ITALIANS!!"

HERE IS A SKETCH FOR A SLASHER THAT HASN'T APPEARED YET. HEH, THE RABBIT GIRL WAS ACTUALLY THE ORIGINAL SLASHER IN AN EARLY DRAFT OF "GIRLS GONE DEAD." DANIEL ALTER (MY MOVIE AGENT GUY) AND JOSH BLAYLOCK REALLY HATED THE BUNNY GIRL IDEA. IT JUST GOES TO SHOW YA, FIRST IDEAS AREN'T ALWAYS THE BEST IDEAS!

"AH, THE LOVELY LUNCH LADY. THESE WERE DONE FOR THE MOVIE PITCH, BASED ON STEFANO'S DRAWING IN THE FIRST ISSUE. THERE'S JUST NOT ENOUGH BIG, FAT, UGLY WOMEN IN COMICS."

THE LUNCH LADY

WIG

HERE ARE THE QUICK SKETCHES I SENT OFF TO FEDERICA FOR "GIRLS GONE DEAD." SHE DID A GREAT JOB OF MAKING MY QUICKIE DESIGNS LOOK REALLY COOL."

"MY ORIGINAL DESIGNS FOR THE GROSSEST SLASHER I'LL EVER COME UP WITH. LOOKING BACK, IT'S KIND OF FUNNY THAT I NEVER THOUGHT "HMM...MAYBE THIS IS JUST A LITTLE TOO DEMENTED."

ALSO, THESE ARE TWO CHARACTERS DONE FOR THE MOVIE PITCH THAT HAVEN'T MADE IT INTO THE COMIC. BY THE TIME THEY MAKE IT INTO THE BOOK, THEY'LL PROBABLY GET A COMPLETE OVERHAUL."

AARON ASH

BROWNISH HAIR

UNCOOL HAIRSTYLE

CREEPY HALF SMILE

RED

YELLOW

GREY

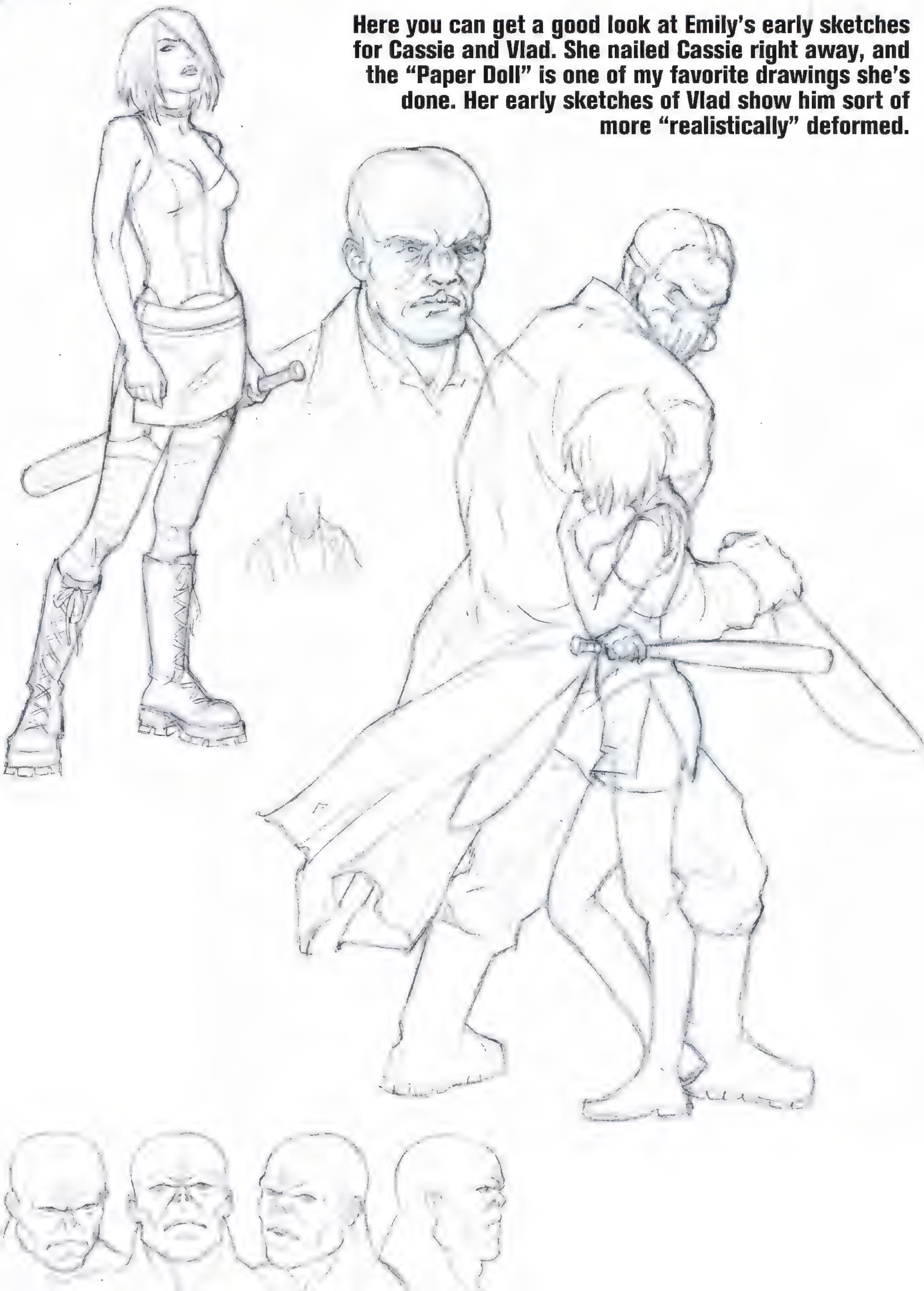
RED

"I DID THIS PIECE AS PROMO FOR "THE FINAL REVENGE OF EVIL ERNIE." I NEVER ACTUALLY USED IT FOR THE BOOK, BUT I KINDA LIKE IT ANYWAY, GIANT ERNIE-CHIN AND ALL."

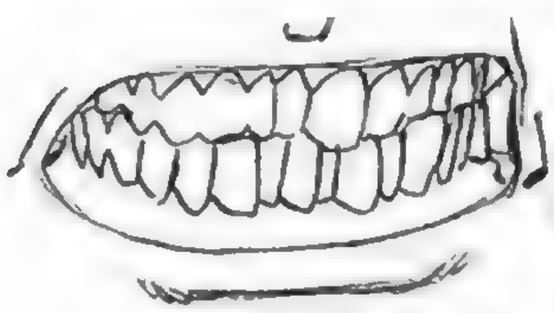
"AADI SENT THIS TO SHOW ME THE STYLE HE'D BE USING FOR THE BOOK, AND TO SHOW HIS VERSION OF THE CHARACTERS. I LOVED IT. I HAD HIM CHANGE VLAD'S MASK TO THE FULL-FACE, GOGGLEY ONE."

"FEDE DID THIS GREAT PIECE FOR AN ITALIAN "FANZINE" CALLED KILLERS. I LOVE THAT CASSIE POSE!"

Here you can get a good look at Emily's early sketches for Cassie and Vlad. She nailed Cassie right away, and the "Paper Doll" is one of my favorite drawings she's done. Her early sketches of Vlad show him sort of more "realistically" deformed.



Here's my "model sheet" for Vlad. He's hard to draw for a lot of people, including me.



This is my design for the "wer-ides" from planet NEF. POOCH is probably the coolest thing I've ever designed. Oh, how I love you, freaky, hairless, chicken-skin skull dog! Yes I do!!

I first met Sandra Kammerer at a convention in 2003. I had an instant crush on her, but, alas, with her being far-away in Florida, and me being a big nerd, we could never date. But, we did keep in touch, and when I came up with the Hack/Slash book, my initial Cassie designs were based on Sanny. We decided to do an alt. cover for GGD, so I had Crank! use photos of Sandra modeling as Cassie. It turned out bad-ass.. here's some of the other photos, that are just too hot to go to waste....

How many pints of blood can you stomach?

HACK/SLASH

PSYCHOFILES

THE LUNCH LADY

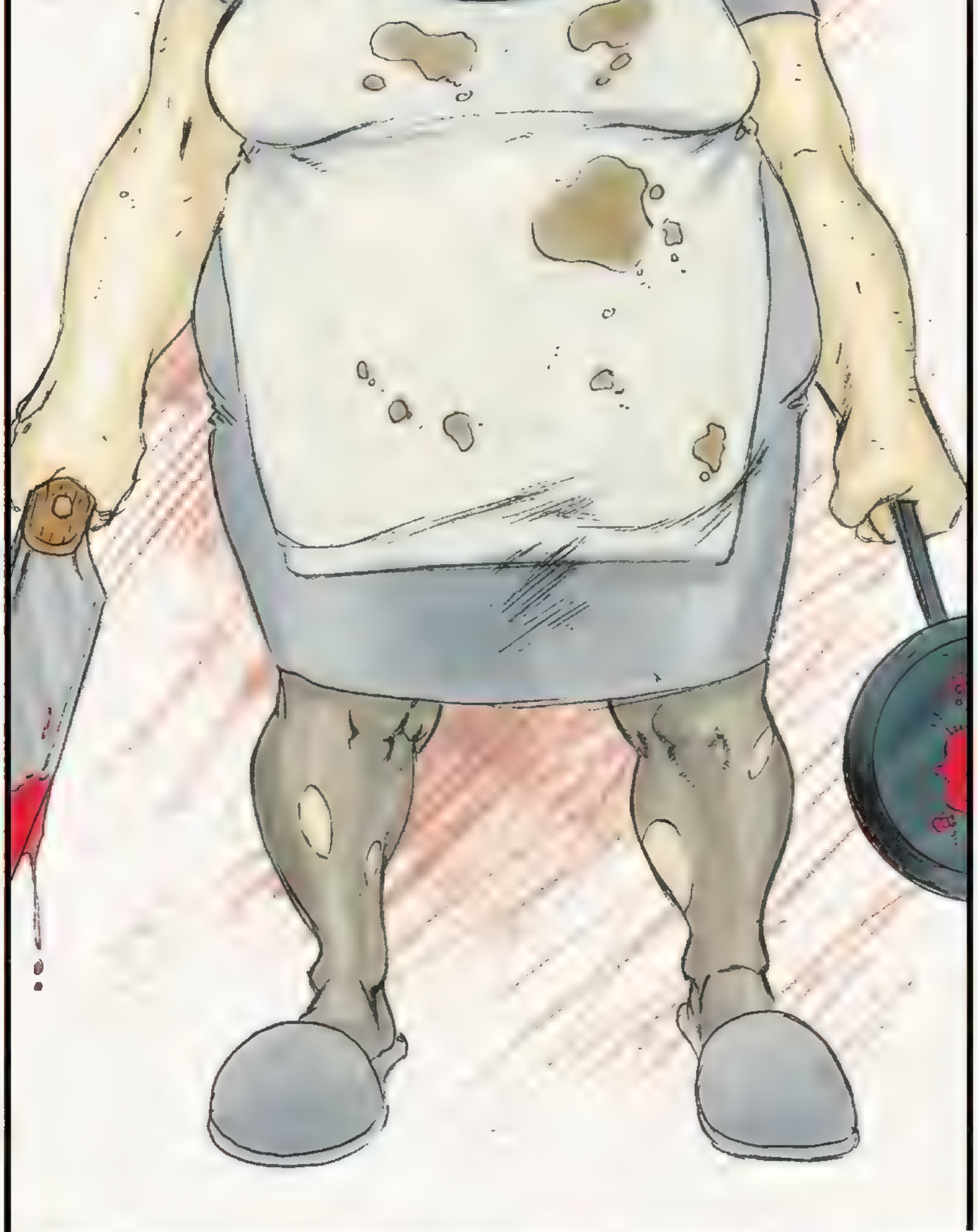
Real name: Delilah Hack
Death by: Hot gravy
Pre-Slasher Occupation: School Cafeteria chef/server
Slasher type: Vengeful Ghoul/Psycho Mommy

Special Abilities: resistant to pain and damage.

Slasher weapon: Kitchen knife, various pots, pans, blenders and other implements.

Body Count: 11

The story: Delilah Hack was always eccentric, but after the birth of her daughter, her bizarre behavior accelerated until her strange emotional fits drove her husband to leave them. Left to the task of raising Cassie, alone, Delilah became very protective of the young girl. Observing her daughter's school hardships from her job as the school lunch lady, she eventually began to eliminate students she felt treated her daughter unfairly. After murdering them, she disposed of their bodies by introducing a new "mystery" meat to the school lunch menu. She was eventually discovered, but killed herself by stuffing her head into a pot of boiling gravy. But, Delilah eventually came back, choosing to continue her undying murder spree at Cassie's new all-girls school. A scarred and terrifying monster, Mrs. Hack was eventually destroyed by her own daughter.



Cassie's [illegible]

[illegible] WRITE ABOUT
THE PERSON WHO FUCKED UP
YOUR [illegible] LIFE? WHERE DO
I START? WITHOUT YOUR MOM,
[illegible]
AMERICAN TEENAGER, I'D BE
DRUNK [illegible] G,
AND TAKING [illegible] FOR
[illegible] GIRLS.COM, EXPLORITING MY [illegible] IOCY...
-CASSIE

BOBBY

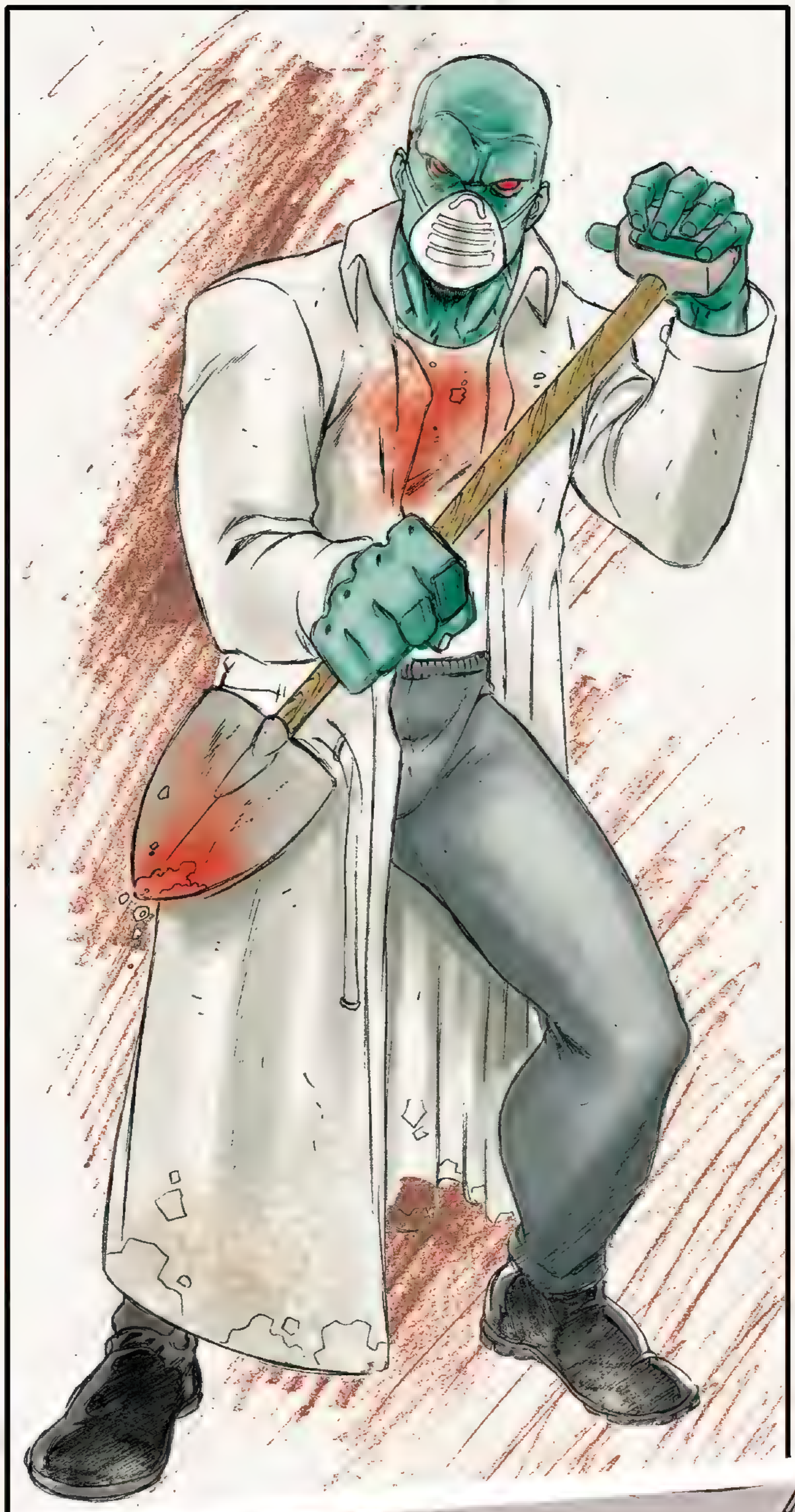
Real Name: Robert "Bobby" Brunswick
Death by: Poison gas
Pre-Slasher Occupation: Veterinary Assistant
Slasher type: Vengeful Ghoul

Special abilities:
Bobby can reanimate dead animals, which obey his command. He is also somewhat impervious to damage, though the always handy "zombie head shot" put him down.

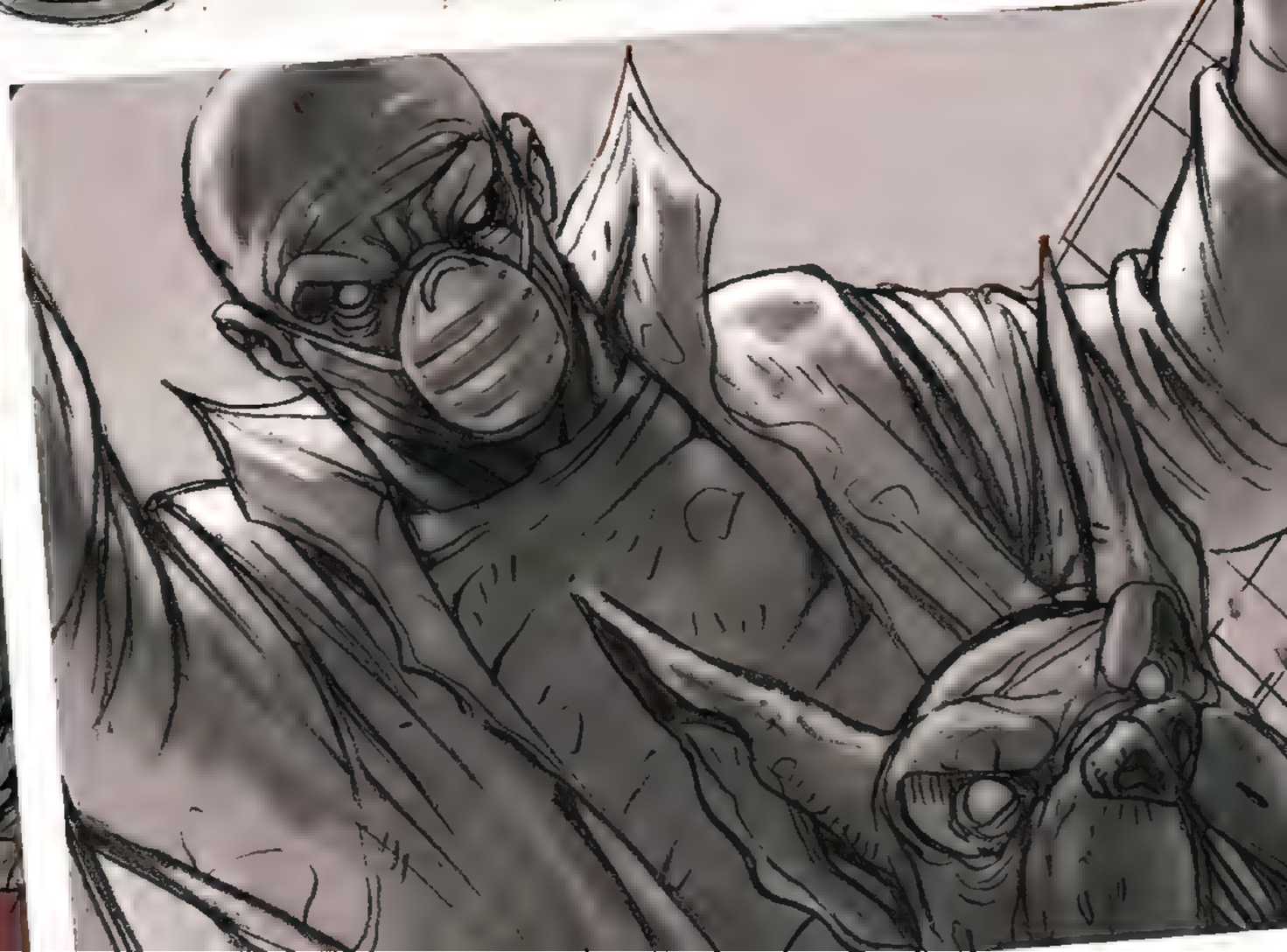
Slasher weapon: Shovel

Body Count: 5

The story: Bobby Brunswick was a sweet, mentally handicapped child who loved his job working at the local animal shelter, euthanizing unwanted pets. He had great affection for the owner and veterinarian of the clinic, Lisa Elsten. The head nurse, and Lisa's boyfriend, Kyle Raymond disapproved of this affection and constantly badgered Bobby with remarks and crude jokes. One day, a prank went too far, and Bobby was gassed and died. When Bobby returned as a slasher, he had the ability to control the undead animals he had once "put to sleep." Now a relentless killer seeking justice, Bobby stalked the town until stopped by Cassie & Vlad.



"POOR BOBBY. USUALLY I DON'T HAVE MUCH SYMPATHY FOR SLASHERS, BUT THIS WAS A PRETTY SAD CASE. IT JUST ALWAYS AMAZES ME HOW CRUEL PEOPLE CAN BE TO EACH OTHER. BOBBY WAS AN INNOCENT CAUGHT UP IN THE CRUELTY AND INSECURITIES OF OTHERS. ON THE OTHER HAND, I WAS CLEANING DEAD CAT GUTS OUT OF MY CLOTHES FOR WEEKS, SO I CAN'T BE TOO SYMPATHETIC"
-CASSIE



LAURA & FATHER WRATH

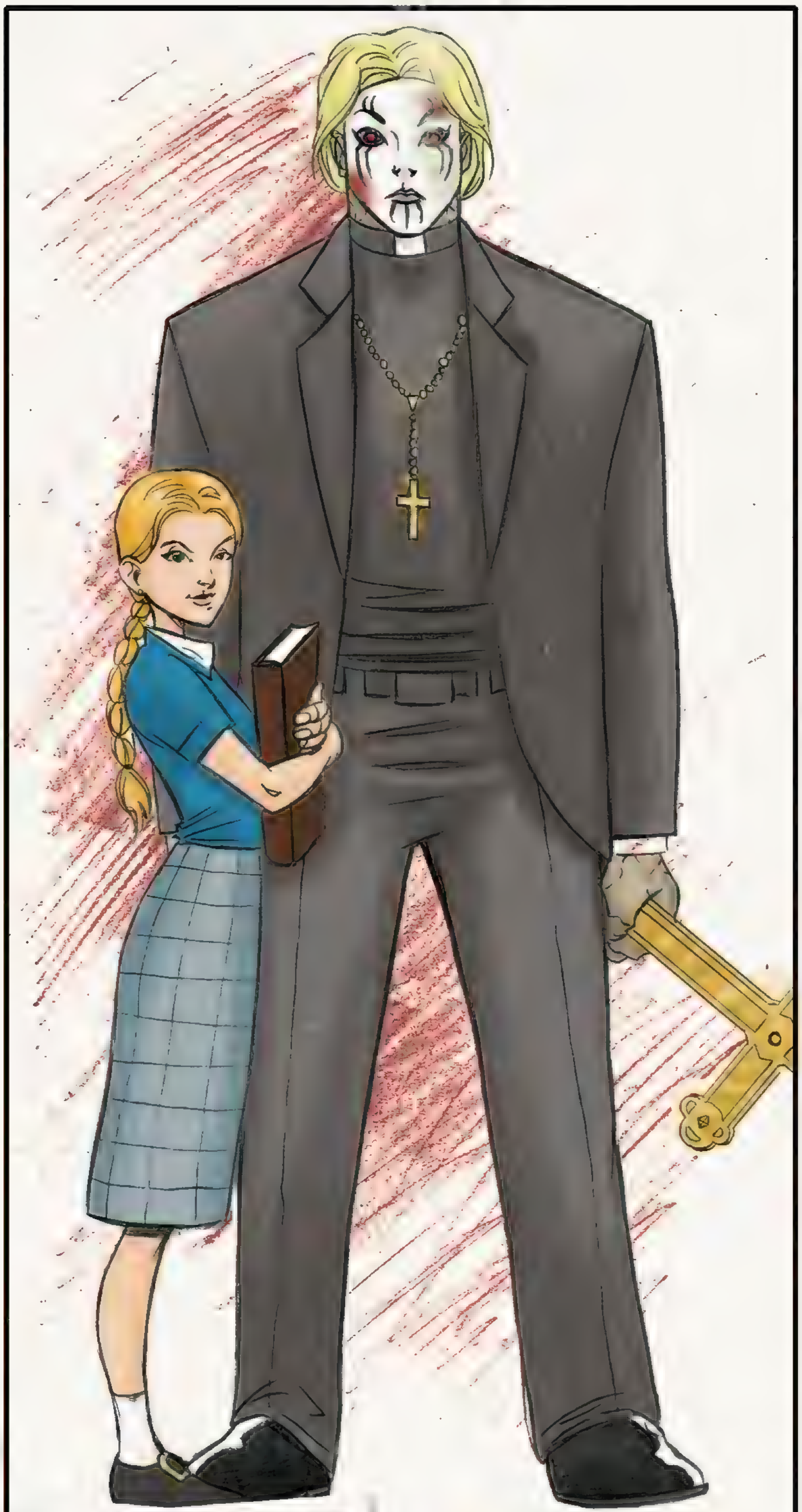
real names: Laura Lochs / Niles Rafferty
Death by: N/A / Bludgeoned with cross
Pre-slasher Occupation: Student & Cheerleader / Traveling Preacher
Slasher type: Scorned woman / Vengeful Ghoul

Special Abilities: Laura has no inherent powers, though she is fairly adept at the use of her arcane spell book, and has several spells memorized, allowing her control of Father Wrath.
Father Wrath is resistant to pain and damage.

Slasher Weapon: Big Ass Cross

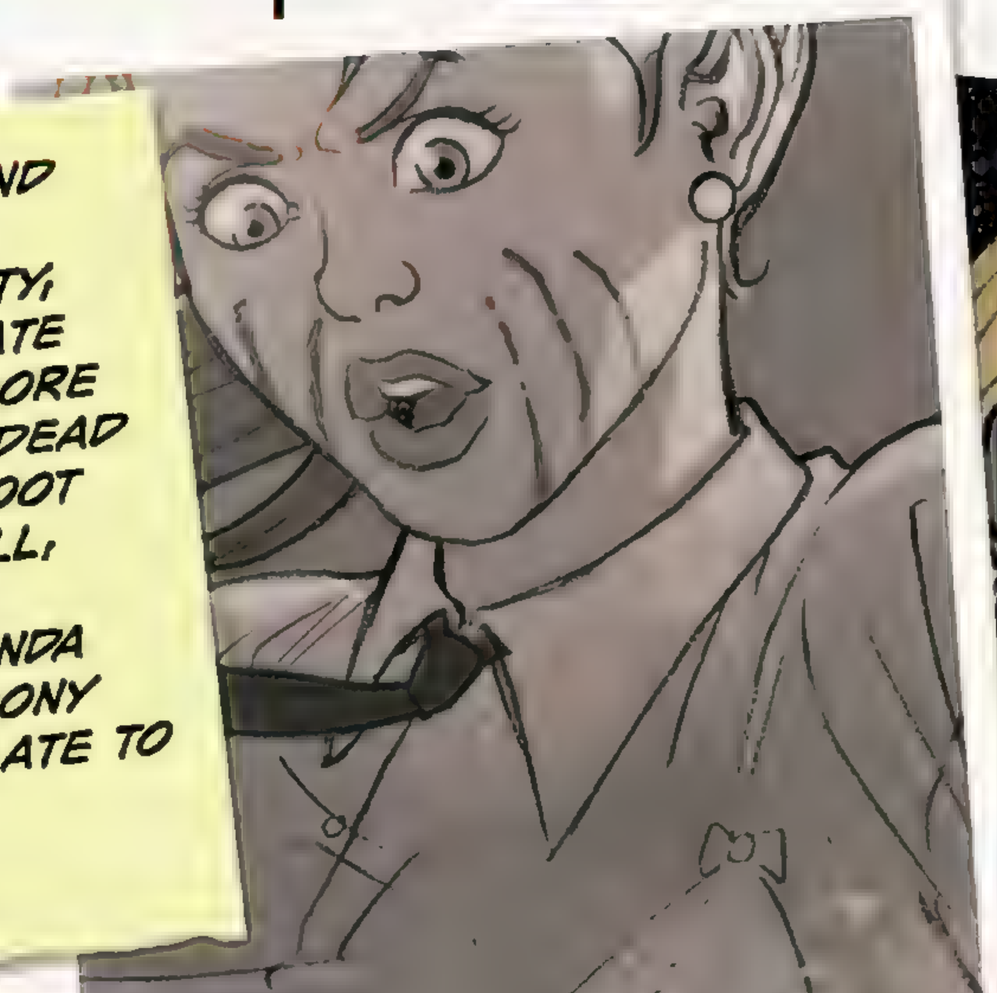
Body Count: 12

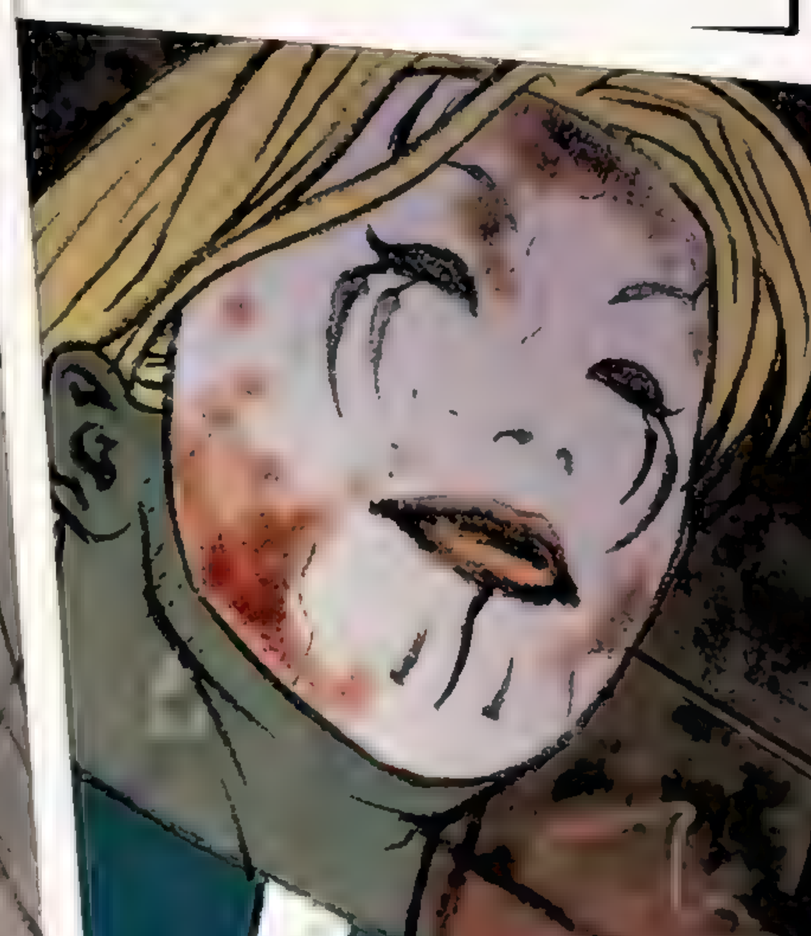
The story: Laura Lochs was a student at an all-girls school in southern Georgia. Her boyfriend, Jeremy, attended a nearby school, and they dated for three years. During his spring break trip to Panama City Beach, a drunken Jeremy cheated on his girlfriend with a girl who had just won a wet t-shirt contest. Out of guilt, and looking or a reason to break up with her, Jeremy revealed his indiscretion to Laura. Distraught, Laura threw herself into her studies, spending hours at the school library. One night, she discovered an ancient book, which contained evil spells. The book corrupted Laura's already fragile psyche and she became determined to get revenge on cheating men and the women she blamed for them doing so. Using the book, Laura located the murderous Father Wrath, killing Bible students in rural Tennessee, and they traveled to Florida to make an example of the spring breakers there.



Cassie's Notes from The S
Journal

"LAURA LOCHS WAS THE KIND OF CHICK I HATED IN HIGH SCHOOL. WELL-OFF, PRETTY, SNOTTY. TURNS OUT, I HATE THAT KINDA CHICK EVEN MORE WHEN THEY COMMAND UNDEAD PRIESTS AND TRY TO SHOOT ME. MAYBE WORST OF ALL, HER PAIN MADE HER ALMOST...RELATABLE. KINDA SCARY THAT IT TOOK LOONY LAURA TO MAKE ME RELATE TO GIRLS LIKE THAT..."
-CASSIE





LLOYD & JIMMY

real names: Lloyd and Jimmy Sundermann
Death by: N/A
Pre-slasher occupation: Lloyd worked as a short order cook. Jimmy operated www.wunderkindfansunite.org, and was known on message boards as "Wundertwin103."
Slasher type: Obsessive Nut job, Killer Freak

Special abilities: Jimmy and Lloyd were are a very rare from of a parasitic twins known as "fetus in fetus." Jimmy never developed and maintained his fetus size, though he could leave and re-enter Lloyd's body whenever he wanted.

Slasher Weapon: Blow gun, knives.

Body Count: 4

The story: Lloyd Sundermann was always a strange child. He preferred to be alone, where he could read his comic books, most notably, his favorite Wunderkind. But, little did anyone know, Lloyd was not alone. Lloyd was born with his twin brother inside him, a fact that even Lloyd's mother was unaware of. Jimmy, Lloyd's brother, began speaking to Lloyd while he was still in Lloyd's body. Hyper-intelligent, but underdeveloped, Jimmy stayed within Lloyd until they were 11 years old, Lloyd's mother gave birth to their sister. Enraged at the attention given to this new child, Jimmy convinced Lloyd to kill the baby. At first, horrified by his action, Lloyd cut himself open and eventually tried to remove Jimmy. The two reconciled, and realized they needed each other. The two felt a special kinship over their mutual love for Wunderkind, a comic book they could relate to, since it featured a young boy who could become a grown man. They hoped to one day be as loved and admired as their childhood hero.

HOLY LIVING FUCK! I WAS PRETTY PUT OFF BY THE CONCEPT OF CHILDREN BEFORE, BUT NOW THAT I'VE SEEN, WELL, WHATEVER THE HELL THAT WAS, I'M GOING TO BECOME A NUN OR SOMETHING. OH, MAN, WITH MY LUCK, I'D GET KNOCKED UP... THEN I'D BE A PREGNANT NUN! AAH! OKAY, TIME TO TELL VLAD TO STOP OFF AT A ARCADE OR A ROADSIDE ATTRACTION..HELL...EVEN A 7-11 WILL DO... MUST. TAKE. MIND. OFF. ANGRY. FETUS. HMMM... I WONDER IF IT'S TOO LATE IN THE YEAR FOR CADBURY EGGS...?
-CASSIE

HACK/SLASH
PSYCHOFILES

ACID ANGEL

Real Name: Angela Cicero
Death by: Choking
Pre-Slasher Occupation: Real Estate Agent
Slasher type: Vengeful Ghoul

Special abilities: Resistance to damage. Acid generation.

Slasher weapon: Acid

Body Count: 7

The story: Angela Cicero was an urban party girl. She had the looks, the money and the attitude. A new club every night of the week, and a new man to leave behind every morning. Angela had a close, married friend named Michelle, a woman she had known since child-hood. Despite the trust placed in her by Michelle, Angela and Michelle's husband were involved in a torrid affair. When Michelle discovered this, she was destoyed, committing suicide by slitting her wrists in the bath tub. Michelle's husband, overcome witn grief and angry at himself replaced Angela's insulin with hydrochloric acid. The injection killed Angela, but she rose from the grave, intent on continuing her life style, and punishing men.

Cassie's Notes from The Slasher Journal- "So, apparently Slashers don't have to be half rotted nasty lookin' freaks. Bummer."

ASHLEY

Real Name: Ashley Guthrie
Death by: Suffocation with Teddy Bear
Pre-Slasher Occupation: N/A
Slasher type: Vengeful Ghoul

Special abilities: Ashley can control dreams, and is able to create and manipulate "toys" to his bidding within his "dream realm."

Slasher weapon: Killer toys

Body Count: 10

The story: Ashley Guthrie was a seemingly "born evil" child of an affluent family in Ohio. Selfish, and demanding of attention, Ashley did not take well to having a younger brother, and when forced to share a toy, he instead bludgeoned the boy. In anger, Ashley's mother suffocated Ashley with a stuffed bear in his sleep. Soon after, Ashley returned to haunt the dreams of other children, killing them as they slept with their favorite toy. Cassie entered the dream world to stop him, and succeeded in destroying him. Or, so she thought. Through unknown means Ashley was able to return to "life" in the teddy bear he had been suffocated with.

Cassie's Notes from The Slasher Journal- "Once my art teacher talked me into babysitting for his daughter. After about 45 minutes, I was convinced this kid was Satan incarnate. Ashley Guthrie made that kid look like fucking Dolly from Family Circus. People debate the "nurture vs. nature" thing all the time. I've always wanted to believe a person was a reflection of the world they grew up in..but, Ashley seems to have been bad from the moment the sperm hit the egg."

BLACKFIN

Real Name: None. He's a shark.
Death by: Human hunters
Pre-Slasher Occupation: Shark.
Slasher type: Vengeful ghoul (animal type)

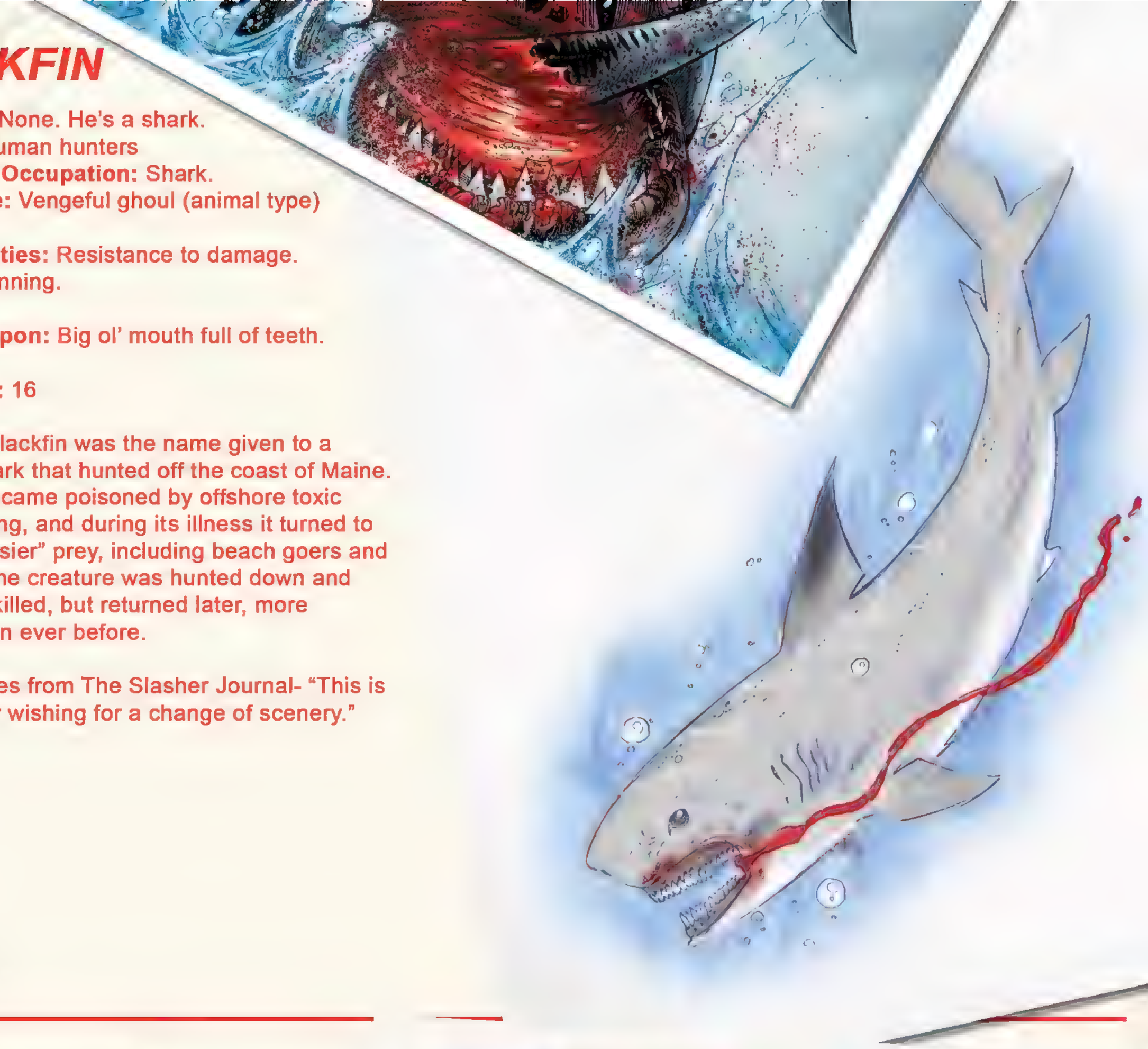
Special abilities: Resistance to damage.
Unnatural cunning.

Slasher weapon: Big ol' mouth full of teeth.

Body Count: 16

The story: Blackfin was the name given to a ravenous shark that hunted off the coast of Maine. The shark became poisoned by offshore toxic waste dumping, and during its illness it turned to attacking "easier" prey, including beach goers and fishermen. The creature was hunted down and presumably killed, but returned later, more ravenous then ever before.

Cassie's Notes from The Slasher Journal- "This is what I get for wishing for a change of scenery."



HIBACHI DEVIL

Real Name: Ryu Mafume
Death by: Poison
Pre-Slasher Occupation: Hibachi Chef
Slasher type: Vengeful ghoul

Special abilities: Resistance to damage.

Slasher weapon: Hibachi Knives

Body Count: 8

The story: Junichiro Koizumi was a well known, successful Hibachi Chef at a posh restaurant in Tokyo. His speed with his knives earned him the name Hibachi Devil, which he played up by wearing an Oni mask. Junichiro was known to be an arrogant and selfish man, which further angered his main competitor, Ryu Mafume. Mafume challenged Junichiro to a "cook-off" using selected ingredients. Unbeknownst to Junichiro, Ryu has replaced his tuna with a poisonous fish. When the judges were served they all became ill. Enraged, Junichiro force fed Ryu a lethal amount of the fish. Ryu returned from the dead, killing Junichiro and taking his mask and murdering many, seeking to shame his nemesis.

MORTIMER STRICK

Real Name: Mortimer Strick
Death by: Pulled apart by bulls!
Pre-Slasher Occupation: Rodeo clown
Slasher type: Vengeful ghoul

Special abilities: Resistance to damage. Ability to separate and reattach body parts. Each piece retains its own limited mobility and remains under Mortimer's control.

Body Count: 4

The story: Mortimer Strick was a popular rodeo clown in San Antonio, Texas. Strick also happened to be a serial rapist. When he was caught attacking a cattle hand's wife, the man and his friends reacted by stringing Strick between several bulls and tearing him apart.

WAKING MAN

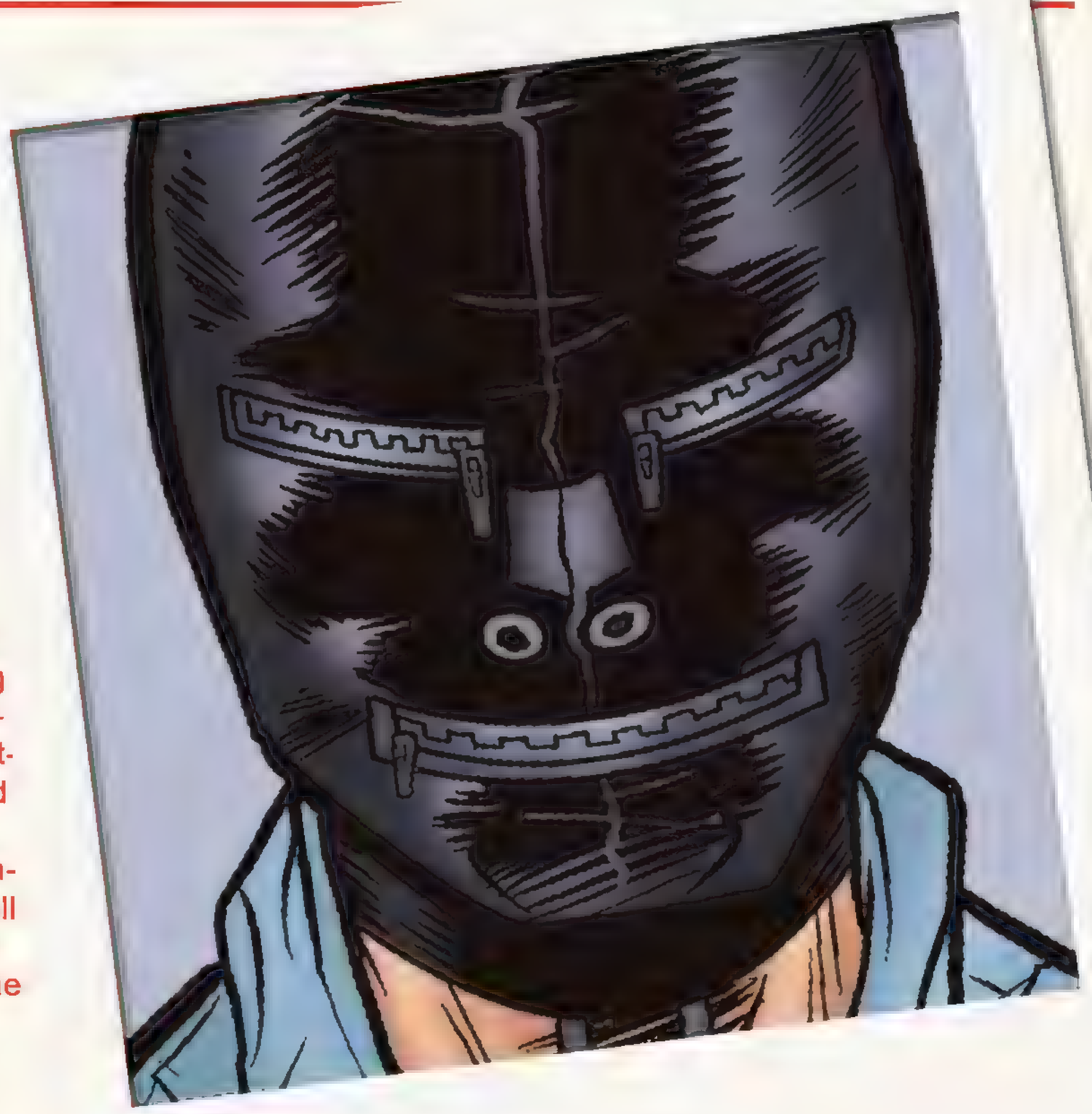
Real Name: Sam Steiger
Death by: Drug overdose
Pre-Slasher Occupation: Janitor at a Sleep Disorder Clinic
Slasher type: Obsessive Nutjob

Special abilities: Resistance to damage.

Slasher weapon: Scythe

Body Count: 6

The story: Sam Steiger worked as a janitor at a Sleep Disorder Clinic in California. While working overnight, Steiger, a drug abuser, took an experimental sleep drug, hoping to get high. Unfortunatley for Steiger, he took 8 times the recommended dosage. Steiger was technically dead for 12 minutes, during which time he had vivid hallucinations involving a world where peace reigned as all of humanity slept. When he was revived, Steiger began a murderous streak, attempting to bring the gift of sleep to the rest of the world.



X-O

Real Name: Karl Vox
Death by: Factory accident
Pre-Slasher Occupation: Factory worker
Slasher type: Vengeful ghoul

Special abilities: Resistance to damage.

Slasher Weapon: None

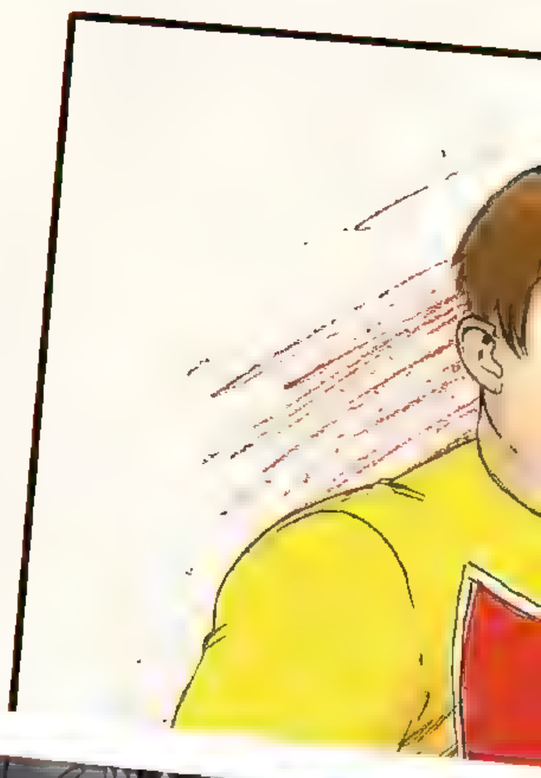
Body Count: 14

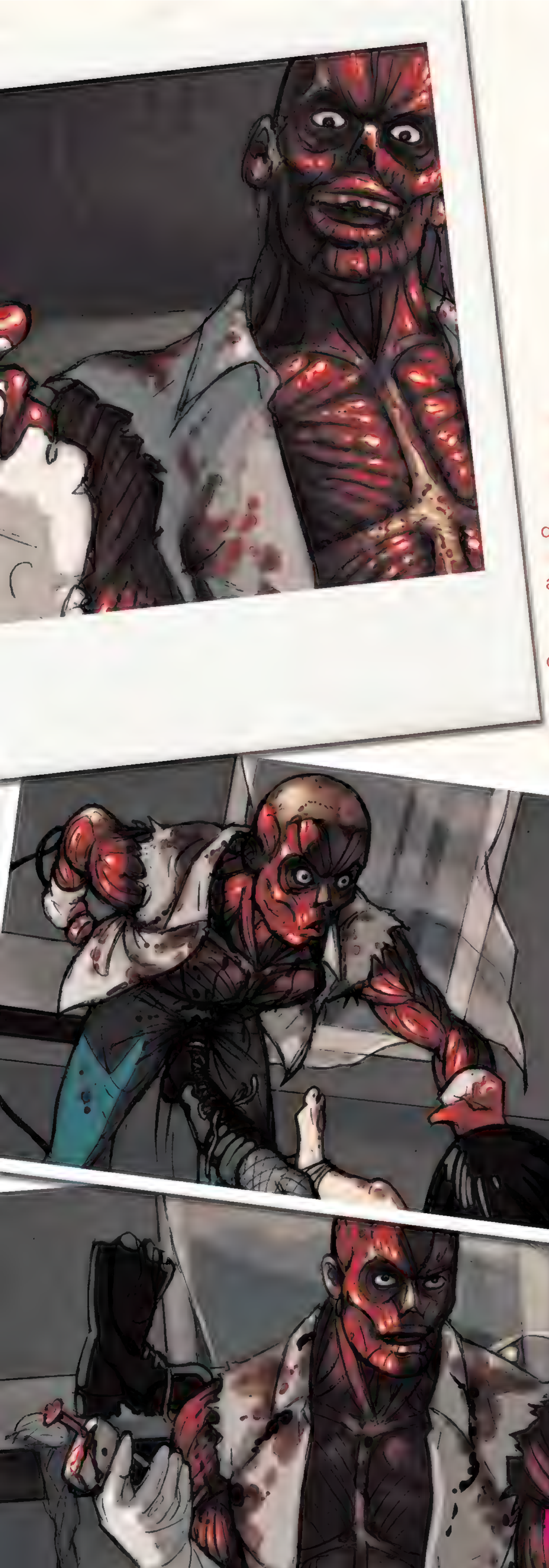
The story: Karl Vox worked at a plastic factory in Arizona. A quiet, unobtrusive man, Karl spent his nights cruising highways for victims to play his bizarre "death games" with. Karl was eventually caught, but fled to the factory he worked at. A co-worker stopped him by dropping a heavy metal floor grating on him. He eventually rose to enact vengeance on his former co-workers.

OYD & JIMMY

mes: Lloyd and Jimmy
nann
y: N/A
her occupation: Lloyd
a short order cook.
erated
erkindfansunite.org, and
on message boards as
n103."
e: Obsessive Nut Job,

ies: Jimmy and Lloyd





DR. GROSS

Real Name: Dr. Edmund Gross
Death by: N/A
Pre-Slasher Occupation: Psychologist, College Professor.
Slasher type: Obsessive Nutjob

Special Abilities: Dr. Gross possesses a resistance to pain and a keen intellect.

Slasher weapon: Surgical tools

Body Count: 12

The Story: Dr. Gross was a professor at a prestigious Atlanta university, who regularly used hypnosis to sexually assault his students. When several students discovered photos of what he'd done to them, they decided to turn them in. Gross prevented this by killing each of them. Gross was arrested, placed on trial and sent to jail. While imprisoned he began a bizarre self-analyzation which ultimatedly led to him skinning himself in order to be closer to his "true self." Gross was removed from prison, and taken to a psychiatric hospital from which he escaped. He then set about murdering a number of his other students, occasionally convincing them to commit suicide or skin themselves.

"This asshole was one sick fuck, and now I get to think of him anytime I try to wear sandals."

CHUCKY

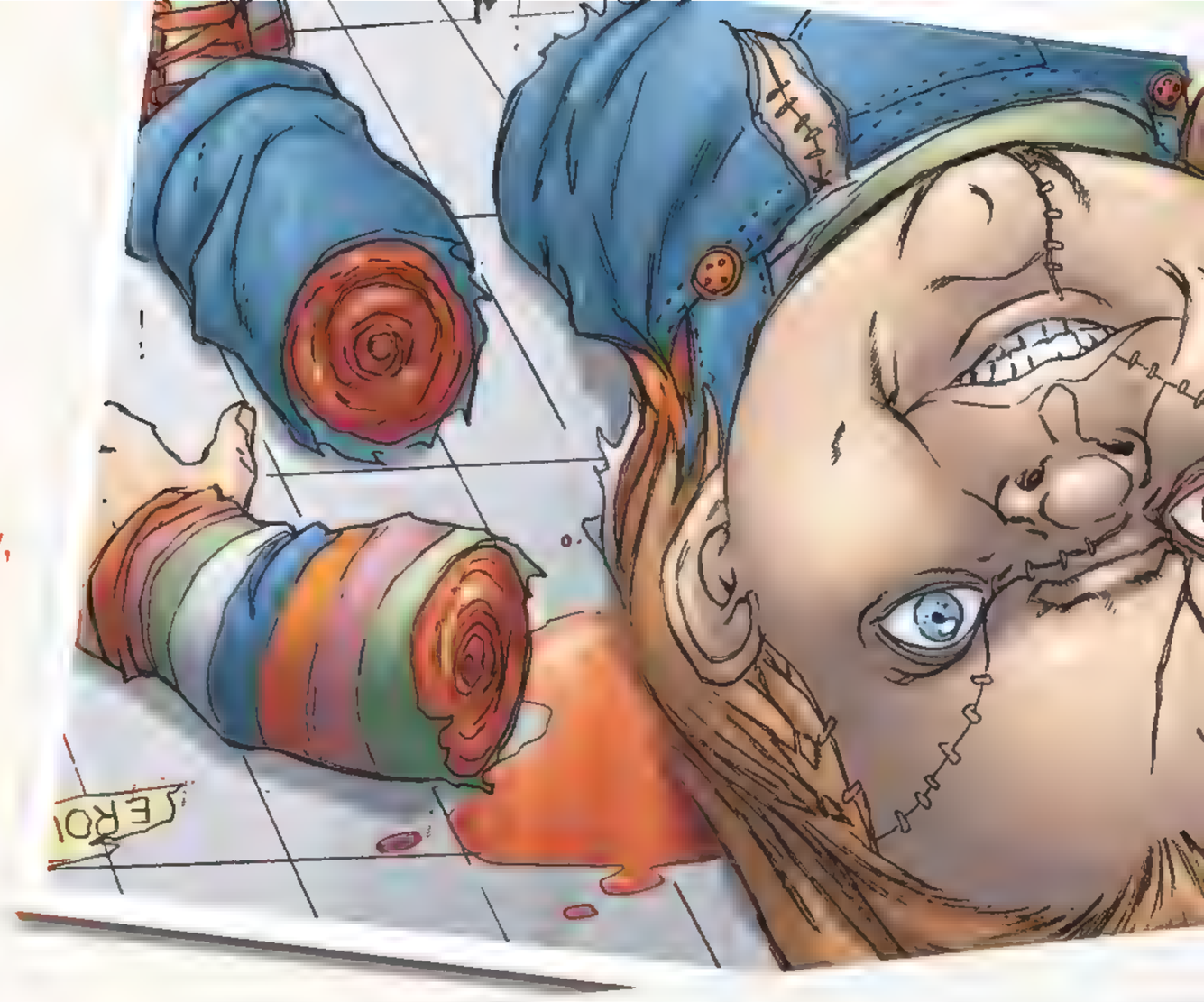
Real Name: Charles Lee Ray
Death by: Gun Shot
Pre-Slasher Occupation: Criminal, voodoo practitioner
Slasher type: Possessed Object/Vengeful ghoul

Special Abilities: Chucky has a unique physiology, in that his body is built like that of a doll but contains some organic/human-like organs. He is also adept in the use of Voodoo magic.

Slasher weapon: Anything he can get his hands on, often a knife

Body Count: In the 40s

The Story: On November 9, 1988, while fleeing police, Charles Lee Ray, the notorious "Lakeshore Strangler", was shot and mortally wounded by Federal Detective Mike Norris. Before dying, Charles took cover inside a toy store which had a sale on "Good Guy" dolls, and used a voodoo ritual in order to transfer his soul into one of the dolls. The store was then struck by lightning, and it burned to the ground. Before the death of his human body, Ray had randomly murdered several people, many of whom simply got in his way. For ten years he attempted to use six-year-old Andy Barclay's body to harbor his soul because, as required by the magic, Andy was the first person to whom Chucky revealed his identity.
Finding Chucky's broken doll body ten years later, Tiffany, an old girlfriend, reassembled and reanimated him. When Chucky admitted that he never intended to marry her, Tiffany imprisoned him, but Chucky managed to escape. He electrocuted Tiffany, and transfered her soul into a bride doll. After reconciling, the couple embarked on a murder spree, culminating at the cemetery where Chucky's human body was buried, as they needed to get an amulet (called "The Heart of Damballa") in order to transfer their souls into human bodies. But Tiffany had other plans -- she slyly asked Chucky to kiss her before they appropriated human form, but suddenly grabbed his knife and stabbed him. The two dolls fought to the death, after which Tiffany was discovered by a cop. Tiffany managed give birth to a baby doll, dying shortly afterward. Chucky and Tiffany eventually reconciled again to raise their son/daughter, but this also resulted in Chucky being cut into pieces and stored in a police evidence locker.
(from WIKIPEDIA.com)



"I searched through a lot of gator shit, and I can't say for sure Chucky is dead.

All I know, is that if he's still alive, I'll spend the rest of my life watching my back... or... well... the back of my calves."

SIX SIXX

Real Name: Jeffrey Brevard
Death by: N/A
Pre-Slasher Occupation: part time musician, part time lawn care specialist
Slasher type: Faust

Special Abilities: Six is able to manipulate a variety of otherworldly magicks which appear to alter probabilities in his favor as well as granting him musical skill. The same magicks allow him to open interdimensional portals, and fire bolts of destructive energy.

Slasher weapon: Black Magick Guitar

Body Count: 14

The Story: Jeffrey Brevard was a small town Floridian with big dreams of taking the musical world by storm. A terrible student, who largely got by on his looks, Brevard formed Acid Washed, a decidedly retro hair metal band, intended to evoke the halcyon days of rock n'roll. The band, largely known for its unispired musicianship and terrible song lyrics booked only a few shows around Florida in three years until they met the mysterious-benefactor who introduced them to a dark power.

"As bad as this guy sucked, I'd still rather hear Acid Washed than anything by Avril Lavigne."

EVIL ERNIE

Real Name: Ernest Fairchild
Death by: Electrocution/Link to personification of Death
Pre-Slasher Occupation: unemployed teen
Slasher type: Vengeful Ghoul

Special abilities: Precognition. Super strength. Resistance to damage. Regeneration. Mental control of Dead.

Slasher weapon: Killer toys

Body Count: Millions.

The story: After a lifetime of abuse and neglect, teenaged telepath Ernest Fairchild was sent by his parents for psychiatric treatment to Dr. Leonard Price. Under Price's care, Ernie was subjected to an experimental dream probe designed to modify a patient's mental state. However, the probe increased Ernie's telepathic abilities to such a degree that he could no longer block out the thoughts of those around him. He now knew that his neighbors were aware of his abuse, but never lifted a finger to help him. Enraged, Ernie massacred his parents and most of his neighborhood before being captured. He was judged insane and committed to Clearview Mental Institute, again under the care of Dr. Price.
Years later the brilliant medical researcher Dr. Mary Young attempted to cure Ernie using her experimental Neurotech device, designed to purge a psychopath's killing urge. Like the dream probe, though, this experiment too went awry, transforming Ernie into an undead teen psychopath capable of reanimating and telepathically controlling the dead. Ernest Fairchild died that day, but Evil Ernie lived!
Together with his trusty sidekick Smiley (a sentient, psychotic button), Ernie sought out the forces attempting to control him, leaving a path of destruction in his wake.
(From Chaoscomics.com)

Leaving Scars: a HACK/SLASH timeline from 2004-2019.

written by Gregory Ellner

My First Maniac

Me Without You

(collected in Omnibus 6)

TPB Volume 1: First Cut

- Euthanized
- Girls Gone Dead
- Comic Book Carnage

Nailbiter / Hack/Slash

(collected in Nailbiter Volume 5: Bound by Blood)

Hack/Slash: The Final Revenge Of Evil Ernie

(collected in Omnibus 1)

TPB Volume 2: Death by Sequel

- The Land of Lost Toys #1-3
- Trailers (non-canon one-shots)
- Slice Hard Prequel
- Slice Hard

TPB Volume 3: Friday the 31st

- H/S vs. Chucky
- Gross Anatomy (H/S: The Series #1)
- Shout at the Devil (H/S: The Series #2-4)

TPB Volume 4: Revenge of the Return

- Love Stories (H/S: The Series #5)
- Double Date (H/S: The Series #6)
- Tub Club (H/S: The Series #7-9)
- Little Children (H/S: The Series #10)

Hack/Slash / Nailbiter

TPB Volume 5: Reanimation Games

- The Coldest Dish H/S: The Series #11)
- Murder/Suicide (H/S: The Series Annual #1, SuicideGirls.com crossover)
- Interlude (H/S: The Series #12-13 sans "BUMPed"
- Cassie and Vlad Meet the Re-Animator (H/S: The Series #15-17)

TPB Volume 6: In Revenge and In Love

- Closer (H/S: The Series #18-20)
- Mind Killer (H/S: The Series #21-22)
- Double Feature (H/S: The Series #23)
- Entry Wound

TPB Volume 7: New Blood Old Wounds

- Sons of Man (H/S: The Series #24-25)
- Foes and Fortunes (H/S: The Series #26-27)
- Something's Fishy (H/S: The Series #28)
- Vlad and Cassie vs. Bloody Mary

Bomb Queen vs. Hack/Slash

(collected in Bomb Queen: Gang Bang)

Trailers Part Two: Thirteen Tales of Naked Fear*

(*not in a collection)

TPB Volume 8: Super Sidekick Sleepover Slaughter

- Super Sidekick Sleepover Slaughter Prelude (H/S: The Series #29)
- Super Sidekick Sleepover Slaughter (H/S: The Series #30-32)
- Hackoween ("Halloween Man" crossover)

Hack/Slash vs. Vampirella

TPB Volume 9: Torture Prone

- Hack/Slash: Murder Messiah (H/S Annual #2)
- Crossroads (H/S #1-4)
- Night Funeral in Eminence (H/S Annual #3 Backup Story)

Hack/Slash/Eva: Monster's Ball

TPB Volume 10: Dead Celebrities

- Mystery Woman (H/S #5)
- Fame Monster (H/S #6-8)
- Hatchet/Slash (H/S Annual #3 Main Story, Hatchet crossover)

TPB Volume 11: Marry, Fk, Kill**

- Interdimensional Women's Prison Breakout (H/S #9-11)
- Monster Baiting (H/S #12-15)

TPB Volume 12: Dark Sides

- The Good Son (H/S #16-17)
- The Case of the Killer and the Questing King (H/S #18)
- Hack/Slash/Repeat (H/S #19)
- A Slice of Hell (H/S & Mercy Sparx #1-2)

TPB Volume 13: Final

- Final (H/S #20-25)

Army of Darkness vs. Hack/Slash

Son of Samhain

Resurrection Volume 1

H/S: Resurrection #1-6

Resurrection Volume 2: Blood Simple

- Cat and Dog Investigations (H/S: Resurrection #7)
- Return to Haverhill (H/S: Resurrection #8-11)
- @%&#ed! (H/S: Resurrection #12)

Hack/Slash vs. Chaos!

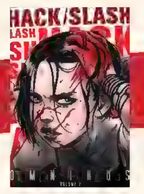
The Crow / Hack/Slash

15th Anniversary Special

Omnibus 1

- Euthanized
- Girls Gone Dead
- Comic Book Carnage
- The Final Revenge of Evil Ernie
- The Land of Lost Toys
- Trailers
- Slice Hard Prequel
- Slice Hard
- Hack/Slash vs. Chucky

Omnibus 2



- Gross Anatomy (H/S: The Series #1)
- Shout at the Devil (H/S: The Series #2-4)
- Love Stories (H/S: The Series #5)
- Double Date (H/S: The Series #6)
- Tub Club (H/S: The Series #7-9)
- Little Children (H/S: The Series #10)
- The Coldest Dish (H/S: The Series #11)
- Murder/Suicide (H/S: The Series Annual #1, SuicideGirls.com crossover)
- Interlude (H/S: The Series #12-13, sans BUMPed)
- Over the Rainbow (H/S: The Series #14)
- Cassie and Vlad Meet the Re-Animator (H/S: The Series #15-17)

Omnibus 3

- Closer (H/S: The Series #18-20)
- Mind Killer (H/S: The Series #21-22)
- Double Feature (H/S:The Series #23)
- Entry Wound
- Sons of Man (H/S: The Series #24-25)
- Foes and Fortunes (H/S: The Series #26-27)
- Something's Fishy (H/S: The Series #28)
- Super Sidekick Sleepover Slaughter Prelude (H/S: The Series #29)
- Super Sidekick Sleepover Slaughter (H/S: The Series #30-32)
- Hackoween ("Halloween Man" crossover)
- "Living Corpse" Annual

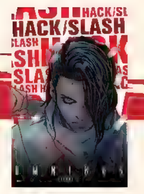
Omnibus 4

- The Gift of Hack/Slash (2011 Holiday Special)
- Hack/Slash: Murder Messiah (Annual #2)
- Crossroads (H/S #1-4)
- Mystery Woman (H/S #5)
- Night Funeral in Eminence (Annual #3 Backup Story)
- Fame Monster (H/S #6-8)
- Interdimensional Women's Prison Breakout (H/S #9-11)
- Hatchet/Slash (Annual #3 Main Story, Hatchet crossover)
- Hack/Slash Meets Zombies vs. Cheerleaders

Omnibus 5

- Monster Baiting (H/S #12-15)
- A Slice of Hell (H/S & Mercy Sparx #1-2)
- The Good Son (H/S #16-17)
- The Case of the Killer and the Questing King (H/S #18)
- Hack/Slash/Repeat (H/S #19)
- Final (H/S #20-25)

Omnibus 6



- Son of Samhain #1-5
- Resurrection #1-12
- Me Without You
- Hack/Slash / Nailbiter

FRANK!

SOMEWHERE. AMERICA.

Gasoline

CAR WASH

1 FOR 1 greasy meal cans

CLOSED BY COUNTY ORDINANCE

STAB SODA

SOME OF IT'S MINE. SOME OF IT'S NOT.

SQWK SQWK SQWK

I'M READY.

JUST FUCKING GET IT OVER WITH, *VLAD*.

DE-*BLOOD* ME.

CASSIE & VLAD IN

SLICE OF LIFE

BY TIM SEELEY, TRIONA FARRELL, & CRANK!

AH. YES. HURRM.

WHAT?

IT'S JUST THAT, WELL, HURR... YOU ARE MOSTLY UNCLOTHED, CASSANDRA.

AND THIS WATER WILL TOUCH YOU. BUT I AM HURR... HOLDING THE WATER, YES? SO, THAT IS LIKE I AM TOUCHING YOU. UNCLOTHED.

CAR WASH

AND I...

...I HAVE NEVER TOUCHED ANOTHER BEFORE.

RIGHT. THAT WHOLE GROWING UP ALONE IN A BASEMENT THING.

=SIGH=

SO, LOOK, I'M GOING TO EASE YOU INTO THIS, OKAY? GIVE ME THE SPONGE.

HURRM. YES.

ICE

NOW, GET OUT OF THOSE BLOODY-ASS CLOTHES. YOU CAN KEEP YOUR UNDIES ON. YOU WEAR UNDIES, RIGHT?

WHAT OF THE MASK? I NEED IT. TO KEEP THE BAD THINGS OUT OF MY EYES AND MOUTH AND NOSE...

AND IT SMELLS LIKE THE INSIDE OF A CAST.

MASK TOO.

HURR.

ICE

SEE? IT'S NOT SO BAD.

JUST TWO FRIENDS WASHING BODILY FLUIDS OFF EACH OTHER IN THE MORNING SUN.

ONE MORE PASS, AND IT'S MY TURN--

HURR HURR HURR HURR!

SPLST

AH! BLP!

STOP IT! STOP IT YOU DICK!

IT'S NOT, HA... IT'S NOT FUNNY, HAHA...

HA HA HA

PZAP

YOU JUST--I'M GONNA--

HA HAHA HAHA HA!

SPLOOSH

HA HAHA HAHA HA!

OKAY! HAHA.

OKAY, YOU WANNA PLAY?

YEAH! LET'S PLAY!

SPLURT

HA HA HA HA HA

Heh Heh Heh.

BLINK BLINK

MY EYES!

I HAVE THE BURNING! SO BURNING!

AH, JEEZ. I'M SORRY. I JUST GOT-- I'M SORRY, OKAY?

MY MASK! I SHOULD NOT TAKE OFF MY MASK! THE BUTCHER SAID!

I KNOW, I KNOW. HERE. LET ME JUST CLEAN IT OFF AND IT'LL BE OKAY, ALL RIGHT?

NO! NO TOUCH!

WHNF!

HNF. AH. OW.

DUDE. I LANDED IN SOMETHING...

IT'S...

snf snf

IT'S *SHIT!*

WHAT THE FUCK?!

WHERE THE FUCK DID IT EVEN COME FROM?

ARF!

FUUUCK!

HRMPH.

BAD THINGS.

=SIGH=

YEAH. I KNOW.

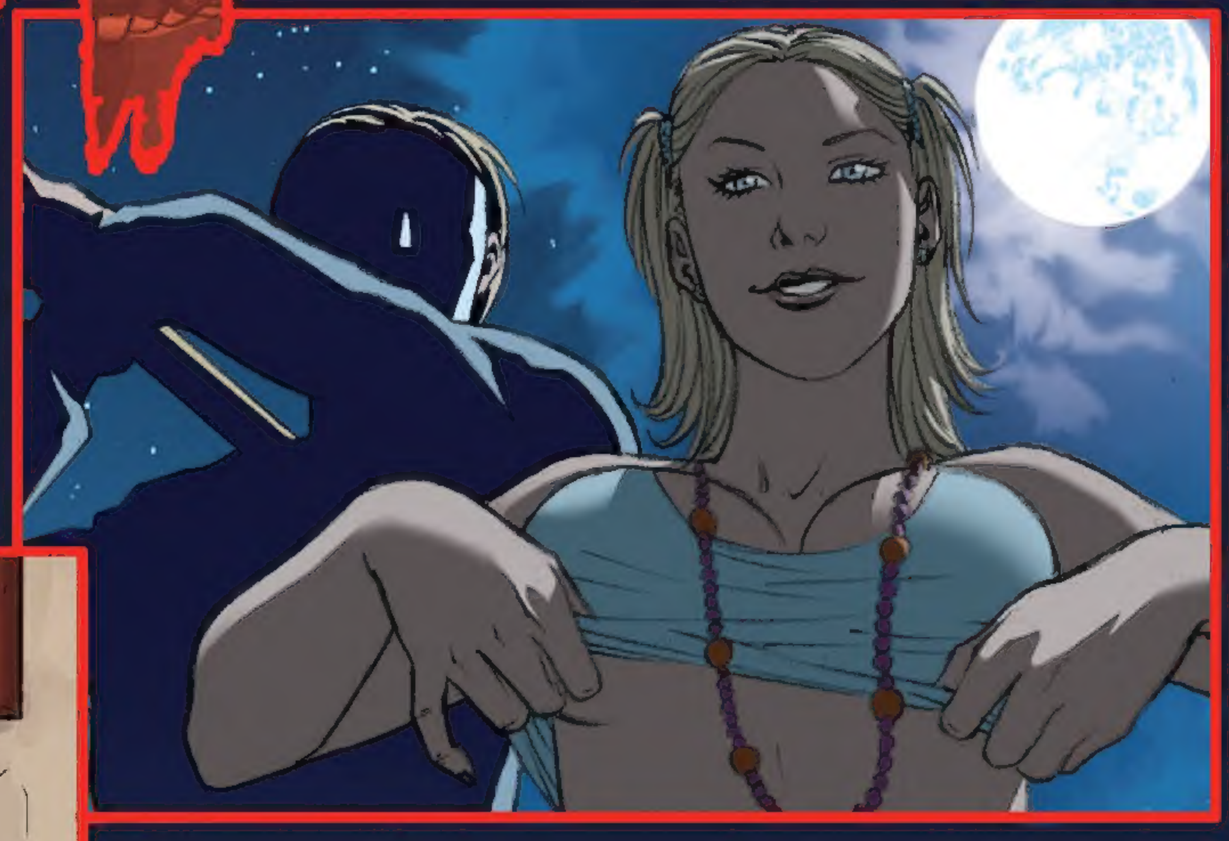
Snf. Snf.

AAH!

THE END.

YOU CAN'T KEEP A *FINAL* GIRL DOWN

In almost every slasher movie, there's one girl who makes it all the way to the end. She's the survivor... the final girl. Meet Cassie Hack, the lone survivor of an attack by the vicious slasher known as the Lunch Lady. Now Cassie and her monstrous partner Vlad travel the country, hunting down and killing other slashers before they can leave a trail of blood and terror. This collection combines EUTHANIZED, GIRLS GONE DEAD, COMIC BOOK CARNAGE, LAND OF LOST TOYS #1-3, TRAILERS, the SLICE HARD prequel and SLICE HARD, and the hellish crossovers with CHUCKY and EVIL ERNIE into one bloody (and hilarious) volume. Plus: a comprehensive series timeline and a new nine-page story written and drawn by Tim Seeley.



"For all those people out there who enjoy a good slasher flick and love a bad one—this book is for you. It takes every aspect that makes those movies entertaining and puts it all in one place—one big, happy place. I highly recommend it."

—Robert Kirkman, THE WALKING DEAD

2021, COLOR, APPROX 448 PAGES / RATED M FOR MATURE READERS / HORROR

IHC
IMAGE HARD COVER

29 SUPER Video
SCHOFIELD, WI

image

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